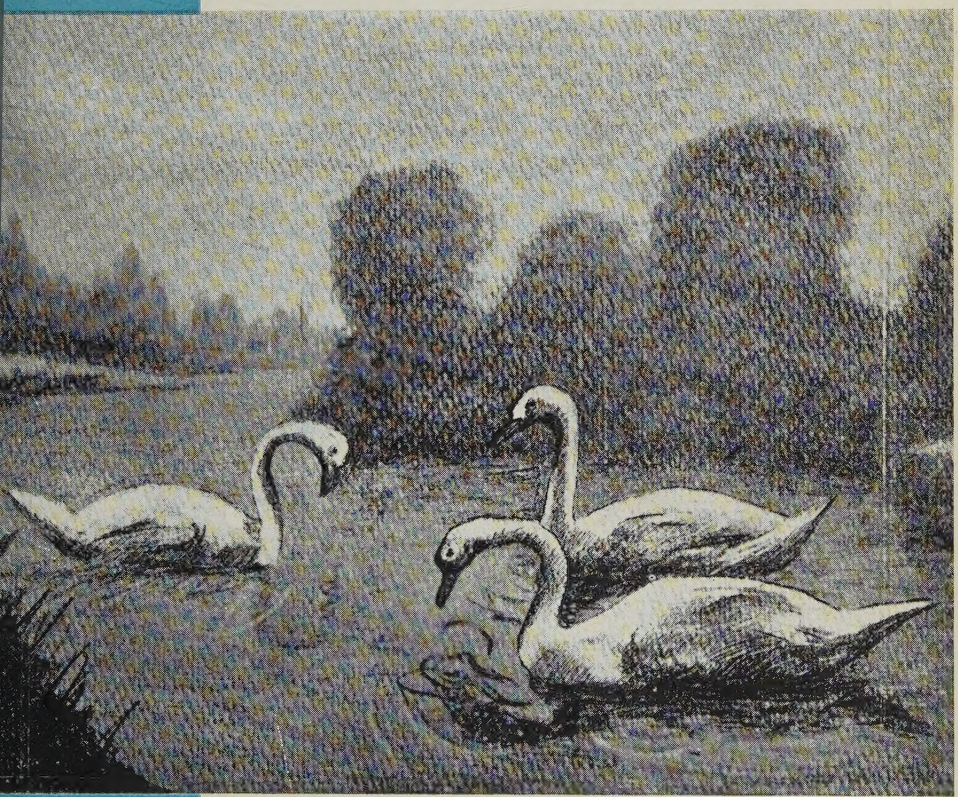
The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXV AUGUST, 1938 No. 8



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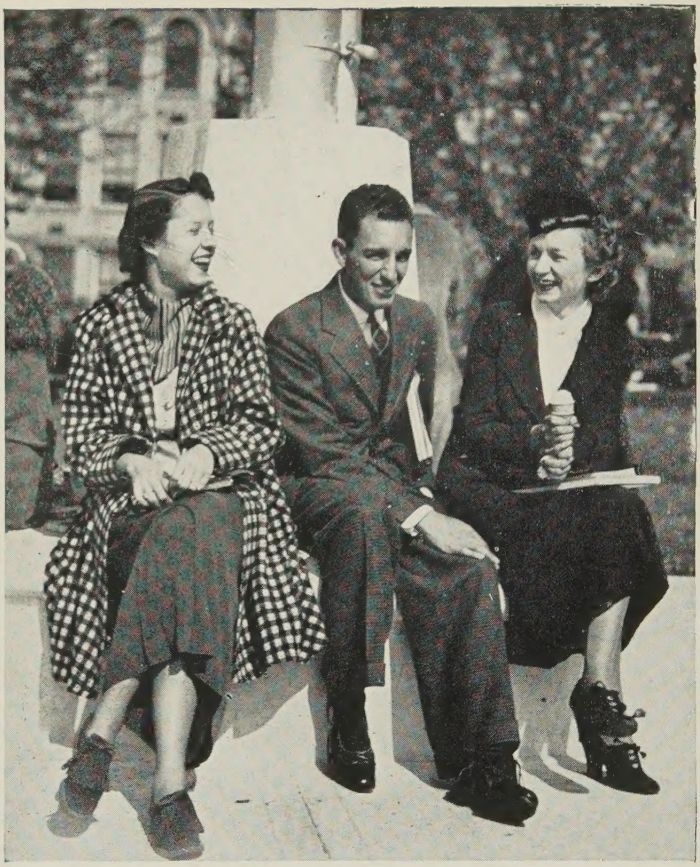

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of
Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXV AUGUST, 1938 No. 8

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THIS DAY

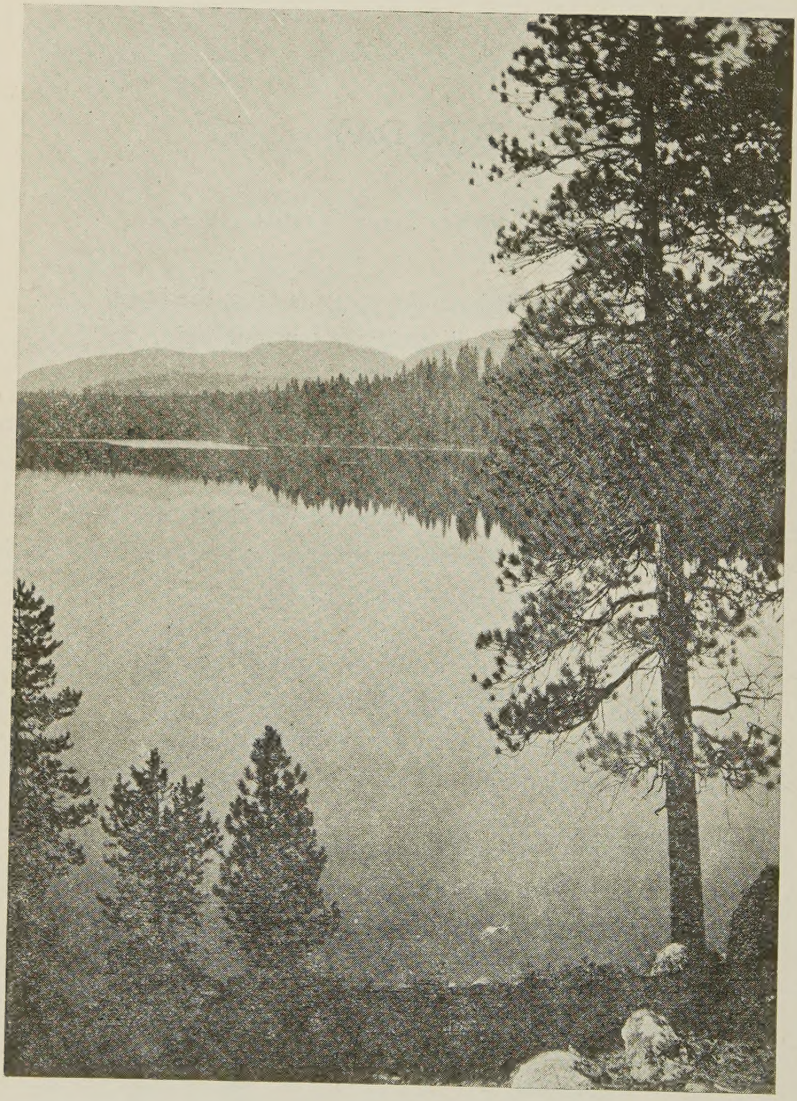
By Gertrude Perry Stanton

When Dawn rolls back the curtains from the skies,
And rested mortals greet the morning light,
Daily new opportunities arise
To prove our loyalty before the night.

Perhaps the gods of metal and of stone
May not demand obeisance in this day;
But there are other idols, clamoring
For our attention all along Life's way.

Men bow to worship wealth or worldly fame,
Enthrone the gods of selfishness and pride;
Yet God has given man a wondrous gift—
A sovereign will, his leading to decide.

This day 'tis ours again to make the choice
Of what we shall on each fresh page record;
May we choose well, as Joshua did of old—
"For me and my house, we will serve the Lord."



FISH LAKE, UTAH

The
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XXV AUGUST, 1938 No. 8

National Conference of Social Work

Seattle, Washington—June 26-July 2, 1938

SOCIAL workers in the United States are found in every type of tax-supported and voluntary activity which has to do with the welfare of human beings who for one reason or another (physical or mental illness, unemployment, death, desertion, instability, foreignness) suffer from interruption in the conduct of their own lives and activities in the social structure, and who are thus led to seek personal assistance and supplementary resources.

"Social workers are employed by private social agencies and by governmental departments under federal, state, county and city auspices; by citizens' committees; civic organizations and religious denominations; by schools, hospitals, courts and industrial bodies. They work in rural districts and in cities of every size.

"The types of activity in which social workers engage may be classified roughly under the headings social case work, social group work, community organization, and social research."

Social case workers endeavor to assist individuals or families who wish some type of aid because their problems of living, temporarily or permanently, are beyond their capacity to solve without help.

Individuals usually need opportunities for group association and recreation as part of their normal social life. Group workers undertake to meet this need by establishing and conducting recreation centers, clubs of various kinds and leisure-time activities for boys and girls, men and women.

Social programs must be planned in relation to community needs so that these needs may be adequately met, i. e. public health programs, community chests. This is the process of community organization.

Research workers study social conditions and the experience of social agencies to determine the adequacy of existing services and the more obscure causes lying back of social problems.

With the rapid development of social work under both private and public auspices, the importance of improving the quality of service is being increasingly recognized.

WITH this end in view the National Conference of Social Work convened in Seattle, Washington, June 26, for its 65th annual meeting. Simultaneously, fifty other national organizations devoted to specialized fields of social service convened as associate groups of the National Conference of Social Work. The conference continued for one week. More than 350 sessions were held and more than 400 speakers appeared on the blended programs. The conference, declared to be one of the largest ever held on the Pacific Coast, drew over 3,000 delegates from all parts of the United States

and Canada. America's major economic and social problems were attacked: unemployment relief, social security, and general human welfare in all its phases, providing a sweeping survey of current problems. The group included professionally trained as well as volunteer workers—men and women of good will trying to learn how best to lift human life to its highest level through the promotion, improvement and interpretation of welfare services.

It was Lincoln who said in his immortal Gettysburg address, "That this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom". So this great body of intelligent Christians are striving to give the nation a new birth of freedom—freedom from poverty, illness, loneliness, frustration, and the innumerable handicaps which prevent men and women everywhere from living the abundant life.

Meeting together, they bring to one another a breadth of vision, enlightened understanding of the great social movement, the newest in technique and practice as well as more clearly defined goals.

The ideal "that man can adjust to his advantage if enough men wish it so" permeated the conference. The theory that the "care of all is the concern of all" exuded from every department. "To the extent that a single individual is sick the community is sick, to the extent that a single individual is delinquent, the community is delinquent, to the extent that a single individual is impoverished, the community is impoverished, to the extent that a single individual is underprivileged, the community is underprivileged," was an outstanding doctrine of the group. Social welfare must mean much more than relief as the word is commonly understood. Relief must not be divorced from service and service extends itself beyond the providing of food, clothing and shelter to a devotion to the complete range of human needs—physical, mental and emotional. Social Welfare must be interpreted as concern for complete rehabilitation in all the casualties of life. "Relief never built a nation and security will never keep one."

THE conference swung into action with an opening address prepared by Dr. Solomon Lowenstein of New York, president of the organization, in which he warned the United States that unless it develops methods equally efficient to those of the totalitarian states, it will find itself surpassed by those nations in both employment and the standard of living. The final test of American democracy he said must be a higher standard of living and industrial life and security for the citizenry.

The churches held a place of dignity and status in the conference program. Much is being accomplished by the Catholics and Jewish groups while the Protestant group is fast coming to the fore. The Rev. Worth M. Tippy of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, New York City, said that the revival which churches have been praying for is literally happening and challenged church leaders to see it. The churches have been preaching, content with the word; Christ in action is the desirable thing. The church must be a functioning agency in human betterment and adjustment. Social work is moving forward and the church must go with it, must be in line with the knowledge and experience of social leaders. The church is the ideal social agency. Experience shows that people are going to come to churches when the stresses of life are pronounced and the church must meet them with as competent leadership as any social agency plus its great spiritual resource. Skill

equal to that of the agency coupled with the spiritual strength of the church is the ideal and is not impossible of attainment.

That the Nation is child welfare conscious was evidenced in the many departments held for this particular phase of welfare work. Miss Mary Irene Atkinson, of the Federal Children's Bureau, U. S. Dept of Labor, assured those present that an understanding service to children is in the process of growing. "Every child," she said, "should be made to feel that he is a blessing in the sight of the Lord." The aim of those engaged in this work is to develop a children's program such that "the potential capacities of all children shall not be cramped by either penury or privilege."

Case needs of the aged were given due consideration. Reaching beyond the need of financial security the aged have many needs not least of which is a sense of "renewal with the current of life." To release and develop latent potentialities for intelligent participation in life is most important. Happiness lies in the fullest participation in life according to one's abilities, physical and mental, and the aged are entitled to full happiness.

Social treatment of the adult offender was presented in discussion groups under the able leadership of Edgar M. Gerlach, the supervisor of social service for the Federal Bureau of Prisons. Considered in these discussion groups were the alcoholic, the mentally deficient offender, the drug addict, the prostitute, and the psychopathic offender. Psychiatrists and psychologists advanced the thesis that "no criminal, or anyone else for that matter, does the things he does entirely of his own conscious volition, but that mental and physical functioning entirely out of the individuals' awareness and control, always have something to do with all of living as it expresses itself by behavior, whether this behavior be good or bad."

Discussants agreed that criminality has its bases in medical and social conditions as well as in legal definitions and that the individual approach is necessary for the rehabilitation of an offender. The roots of crime are probably in the foundations of our social order and probably only a radical change toward a more just social order will bring about any large measure of cure.

Aubrey Williams, deputy administrator of the Works Progress Administration, in a stimulating paper dealt with the right of every employable citizen to a job. "From the point of view of social justice and sound economic efficiency," said Williams, "the proper way to deal with the unemployed is to provide everyone with socially useful work, at his regular occupation or as near as possible to it, and at his regular rate of pay." The right to work, the right to a job for the people, must be recognized. Mr. Williams commended the American people for their stability. He said, "During the last nine months we have been able to go through a severe business depression without any serious disturbances, without panic. This is something in which all can take pride."

MANY nationally known figures appeared on the Conference programs, among them Miss Margaret Bondfield, former minister of labor of Great Britain; Sanford Bates, executive secretary of the Boy's Club of America, New York City, and former director of the federal bureau of prisons; David D. Adie, commissioner of New York state department of social welfare;

Miss Elsa Castendyck, director, delinquency division of the U. S. Children's Bureau; Richard A. Chappell, acting supervisor, bureau of prisons, U. S. Department of Justice; C. C. Carstens, executive director, Child Welfare League of America, New York; Miss Helen Hall, head worker of the famous Henry Street Settlement, New York; John Slawson, director, Jewish Board of Guardians, New York; Grace Abbott, Professor of Public Welfare Administration, University of Chicago, and many others equally eminent.

The conference gave striking evidence that many of the Nation's most intelligent men and women, animated by a spirit of Christian service, are giving their time and ability to a better understanding of human needs and the most enlightened methods of adequately meeting them. Rapid progress is being made in a constantly growing field of vital importance. Private agencies as well as public should give increased attention to provisions for opportunity for greater understanding and advancement in this important work. Those whose responsibility it is to work in the field of social welfare should acquire competence, developed through careful preparation and self-development on the job.

Mr. Adie in one of the concluding addresses of the conference urged upon social workers vision, high standards and intelligent service. Because a person is in trouble, he said, because difficulties too great for him to bear alone have slipped upon him like a thief in the night, social agencies cannot send to his assistance anything but the very best in training, understanding, judgment, and humility. The social worker must set his standards high. "He who builds below the stars builds too low."

A nation of happy, well adjusted citizens was the goal of the Master when he said, "I am come that ye might have life and have it more abundantly."

LIFE'S MYSTERY

By Olive C. Wehr

You never would suppose
The thorny old desert cactus
Could bloom like the rose;

Nor that the slimy, creeping snail
Could build a pearl house,
So beautifully frail;

Nor that pain and grief
Could bring understanding
To give another relief.

How strange life's mystery
That out of pain or ugliness
Should come most beauty!

An Evening With the Bible

By Sidney B. Sperry

LET'S start a Bible study group, Mary, and meet every other Sunday evening after church. I think most of the young people in our crowd would be thrilled with the idea. Each of the group could take turns at entertaining in his home and, besides, just think how much we could learn while having a good time."

"Say, Beth, that's an idea. The refreshments could be the usual ice cream and cake or fruit drink—so very little trouble. We could invite the Bishopric and their wives to join us. In fact, I think they will welcome the idea, because it ought to keep us out of mischief—at least part of the time."

"But who can we get to lead the discussions?" said Beth, "That's my worst concern."

"Why not plan our first meeting," suggested Mary, "and invite young Professor Mack from the University to give us an informal talk on the Bible. He would be glad to answer questions for us, too. Such an arrangement would create interest and give us plenty of time to select a live and peppy leader."

"You're just too bright for words, Darling. Let's go!"

* * * *

DID I understand you to say, Dr. Mack," said the Bishop, very much interested, "that even women have made translations of the Bible? I was always under the impression that men kept that field pretty much to themselves."

"It may doubtless be a surprise to many of you," answered Professor Mack, "to know that several women have tried their hand at Bible translation. One of the most recent translations of the New Testament in modern speech was that made by Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery of Rochester, N. Y. It was originally published in two volumes at Philadelphia, Pa., in 1924, to celebrate the first hundred years of service of the American Baptist Publication Society. The translation is also available in a cheaper and more convenient one volume edition. Mrs. Montgomery introduces each book of the New Testament with information of value. There are chapter headings and topics also for each subdivision, in prominent type, at the head of the paragraph. Some of the themes of these paragraph headings are interesting. Consider: 'Paul's Swan Song'; 'Orchestrate Your Virtues'; 'A " 'Close-up' " of Sin', etc. The book is very modern in make-up with direct discourse in quotation marks, chapter and verse numbers in the margin, quotations from the Old Testament in italics and Scripture references are in the footnotes."

"I should much like to get a New Testament answering that description," said Bob Russell, "but is the translation well done?"

"Yes, it is really quite well done. Some of the renderings are very striking, and altogether the translation runs along with smoothness and grace. It is a credit to Mrs. Montgomery. Other women have also worked on the New Testament. Mrs. Mary Higgs (nee Kingsland) was one of the two original sponsors of the *Twentieth Century New Testament,* the publication of which was begun in 1898, and the final revision appeared in New York and London in 1904. Mrs. Higgs was one of the translators. The work was done with decided ability, though it has

some obvious drawbacks. Then we must not forget two famous sisters, Mrs. Agnes Smith Lewis and Mrs. Gibson, of Cambridge, England, who discovered in 1892, an ancient manuscript of the four Syriac Gospels in a convent on Mt. Sinai. Their find created great interest in scholarly circles. In 1894 Mrs. Lewis published a translation of the newly found Syriac Manuscript, and in 1896 she published a new edition with a retranslation of certain parts. The two sisters were Greek scholars and among their many accomplishments, if I remember correctly, they could speak modern Greek. Mrs. Lewis was honored by many universities on the Continent and in England. I suppose it would be fair to say that Mrs. Lewis was the greatest woman Bible scholar of all times."

"All the women you have mentioned thus far," said Mary Harmon, "have worked on the New Testament. Have any ever translated the whole Bible?"

"So far as I am aware, the only woman who ever translated the whole Bible into any language was Julia E. Smith of Glastonbury, Connecticut. She published her version in English at Hartford, Connecticut, in 1876, and at her own expense. The translation consumed seven years. During that time she translated the Hebrew twice, the Greek twice and the Latin once. In her version she arranged the Old Testament books in the ancient Hebrew order. That was good, but unfortunately her translation was too slavishly literal. Greek and Hebrew idioms were carried over into English with bad effect. In the preface to her translation she says: (here the professor consulted a note) 'It may be thought by the public in general that I have great confidence in myself, in not conferring with the learned in so great a work, but as there is but one book in the Hebrew tongue, and I have defined it word for word, I do not see how anybody can know more about it than I do'."

"That lady thought she knew her stuff, Doctor," interjected Bill Simms, to the amusement of all.

"Yes, indeed," continued Professor Mack, "but that isn't all, she became prominent politically and a champion of the Woman's Suffrage party. To cap it all she married in her eighty-seventh year to a young man one year her junior, and lived happily ever after. But she does not complete the list of women who have translated the Bible or part of it. I might briefly mention three others. An English lady by the name of Elizabeth Smith taught herself Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Arabic, French, Italian, Spanish and German; she then rendered the book of Job into English before she was twenty-six years of age. That was no mean accomplishment. She died in 1806, at the age of thirty, and her translation, with notes, was published at Bath, England, in 1810 by Rev. T. Randolph. Another English woman, Helen Spurrell, the wife of a Church of England minister, learned Hebrew by her own efforts after she was fifty years of age. She then proceeded to translate the Old Testament into English. Whenever she thought it was possible to improve on the Hebrew text, she did not hesitate to adopt readings from the Samaritan Pentateuch or the Septuagint (the Greek Old Testament). Her style of translation doesn't vary much from that of the Authorized Version. Textual and explanatory notes are found at the bottom of the page in her version which was printed in 1885. This edition of the Bible now sells at a rather high figure. The last woman translator I shall mention is Ethel Cutler who was one of the translators of Dr. Charles Foster

Kent's *Shorter Bible* which appeared in New York between the years 1918-1921."

"Well, I declare," observed the Bishop, "what you have said about the women translators of the Bible is certainly interesting, but," he added with a twinkle in his eye, "we'll never hear the last of it from our wives if you tell us anything more about them."

"Oh, you men think that women can't do anything intellectual. You're just jealous, that's all," the Bishop's wife retorted amid the laughter of everyone in the room.

AND now, Dr. Mack," said George Lewis, "I wonder if you would mind telling us something about mistranslations in the Bible. That's a subject I'm very much interested in, but have never heard competently discussed. We've quoted the Eighth Article of Faith all our lives without really knowing the meaning of it."

"Yes, I shall be only too glad to discuss it," said the Doctor. "The fact is that few people of our Church really understand all the implications of the Prophet Joseph Smith's 'We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly.' There are many passages in the Bible that are correctly translated from our present Hebrew and Greek texts that we do not believe. Let me make my point clear by referring to a revelation given in the year 1833 when Joseph Smith asked the Lord whether or not he should translate the Apocrypha. The answer was: 'Verily, thus saith the Lord unto you concerning the Apocrypha —There are many things contained therein that are true, and it is mostly translated correctly; there are many things contained therein that are not true, which are interpolations by the hands of men.' The revelation makes clear that some things in the Apocrypha are not true though it is 'mostly translated correctly.' The same principle holds true of the Bible. Nor need we suppose that Joseph Smith was not aware of this fact. Between the years 1830 and 1833 the Prophet, at the Lord's command, made a revision of the Bible (Authorized Version) by the spirit of revelation. In many parts of it he made profound changes. Sometime, examine a few chapters of his revision such as Genesis 1:50; Isaiah 29; Matthew 4 etc. Many of the changes made go far beyond anything we understand at this day by a 'correct' translation. What, then, did Joseph mean when he said, 'We believe the Bible to be the word of God as far as it is translated correctly.' Let him give his own answer: 'I believe the Bible as it read when it came from the pen of the original writers. Ignorant translators, careless transcribers, or designing and corrupt priests have committed many errors. As it read, Genesis 6:6, " 'It repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth';" also, Numbers 23:19, " 'God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the Son of Man, that he should repent';" which I do not believe. But it ought to read, " 'It repented *Noah* that God made man.' " This I believe, and then the other quotation stands fair.' You see, the Prophet's use of 'translation' in the Eighth Article of Faith is much broader than one may at first suppose. His position may be summed up this way: We believe the Bible to be the word of God if (1) we have the text as it left the hands of the original writers and (2) that original text is correctly translated in the common sense of the term."

"That does seem sensible," observed Beth Stewart, "for many times I have thought that Bible translators have rendered correctly enough certain passages that all of

us recognize as being contradictory. When contradictions occur it does not necessarily mean that the translators are at fault. They simply do the best they can with the text they have inherited."

"Well said, Miss Beth. What you have concluded is true. In order to correct many errors in the Bible we need a much better text than we have. Let me show you how a great American scholar, Dr. E. J. Goodspeed, recognizes that fact and attempts to rectify a passage in the New Testament that he believes is faulty. The type of change he makes in the text is called by scholars conjectural emendation. The reference in question is I Peter 3:19. Professor Goodspeed, following the suggestion of Dr. Rendel Harris, inserts the name Enoch in this verse because he thinks it was omitted by a 'scribe's blunder in dropping some repeated letters.' He then renders the verse as follows: 'In it Enoch went and preached even to those spirits that were in prison.' Every translator is an interpreter and apparently Dr. Goodspeed's theology prevented him from accepting the view that Christ, following his crucifixion, went to the spirits in prison and preached. According to Latter-day Saint theology Dr. Goodspeed has mistranslated the verse in question, but if we were to accept his reconstruction of the original Greek, then it would follow that his translation of the verse is correct."

"It would appear then from what you say, that some modern translations would not be wholly acceptable to Latter-day Saints," said Reed Jones.

"Yes, that is true. Now let me introduce another verse of special interest to our people. It is Malachi 3:10, last clause, which the Authorized Version translates: That *there shall not be room enough to receive it.* I hardly like to call this rendition a mistranslation, but it certainly gives many people a wrong impression of the meaning intended by Malachi. It literally means 'until there is no *more* need,' i.e., of rain. Let me translate the whole verse for you. 'Bring ye the whole tithe to the store-house, that there may be provision in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith Jehovah of hosts, if I do not open you the floodgates (or windows, see same word in Genesis 7:11) of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, until there is no more need.' In other words, the Lord will see to it that His people will lack none of the precious element so necessary in the production of good crops if the people will obey His commandments. That this is the interpretation of the verse is apparent from what follows in verse 11. And now,—but I see our hostess approaching with refreshments. Figuratively, I must fold up my tent and silently steal away."

* * * *

AND do you know, Mary, what I did," said Beth, after the guests had left her home, "I got Dr. Mack to promise me he would come to our next meeting and continue his discussion."

"Well, I hope he will be the permanent leader for our Bible class somehow, don't you?" answered Beth.

The Red Seas of Life

By Caroline Eyring Miner

I LOVE the Red Sea story of Exodus: "And they said unto Moses, Because there were no graves in Egypt, has thou taken us away to die in the wilderness? Wherefore hast thou dealt thus with us to carry us forth out of Egypt?

"And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you today; for the Egyptians whom ye have seen today, ye shall see them again no more for ever.

"The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace. And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward;

But lift thou up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. . . .

"And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea; and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

"And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left."

THERE is solace and comfort in this biblical incident. How often we are pushed from behind by our enemies and confronted before by an impassible sea. These are the occasions when we cannot go back nor around but must go through. And how can we go through except with unfaltering faith and trust in the God of Heaven that He will somehow cause the waters of our Red Sea to divide as He did in the days of Moses.

Sometimes we are pushed into the waters of our Red Sea almost to the drowning depth before our faith and trust in God part the treacherous waters and let us walk into the midst of the sea in safety.

I am thinking now of the Red Sea one mother faced recently. Her dearly beloved son had been killed in an accident, he who was the hope, the pride, the motivating center of her life. There was no calling him back; there was no use for the precautions she might have taken; there was no substitute for her loss. In a word, pushed from behind by reality she could not go around this Red Sea of tragedy; she could not go back and avoid it; she could only trust in God to give her faith and strength to live through and beyond her loss, to part the waters and let her walk on dry ground.

Confronted by the Red Sea with the armed Egyptians close upon their heels, God said unto Moses, "Speak unto the children of Israel that they *go forward.*" They were pushing toward a goal, the land of Canaan and there was no way but forward and through. In our struggles we are pushing toward exaltation in the life eternal and in certain crises for us there is no way but forward and through.

There are many situations in our lives that must be faced and somehow lived through: there are the births of our babies, the deaths of our loved ones, the meeting of financial disasters, injury to our children. These Red Sea occasions are the test of our trust and faith in God. If we have sufficient trust and faith in Him we shall walk through on dry ground.

Anna Stoddart Barlow

By Myrtle Willes Bailey

LIFE has its sunbursts. There are moments that are sweet and days that are divine. . ." —*Gordon.* These must have been the thoughts of the petite Ada Stoddart as she gazed into the large, blue eyes of her baby Anna, for Anna it seems came into the world smiling and has gone about lending her smile of bursting sunshine "for others to live upon."

Anna Stoddart Barlow was born in American Fork, Utah, the last child of a family of four boys and eight girls. When she was one year old her parents moved to Lehi where she lived for thirty years. She received her education in the schools at Lehi and did special secretarial work.

She is the daughter of Robert and Ada Lucy Steel Stoddart, both pioneers. Her father came to Utah with the first Handcart Company and her mother came by ox-team in 1862. They were English converts.

Mr. Stoddart died when the children were young, leaving Mrs. Stoddart to rear her family alone. She was a woman of courage and determination and was proud of her family. From her teachings we recognize her favorite proverbs: "Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field, and afterwards build thy house." And second: "My child, if thine heart be wise *my* heart shall rejoice, even mine." Anna, who has always had a desire to please her mother, can be assured that her mother's heart has rejoiced.

Sister Anna spreads sunshine not only through her smile but by song. When she was very young she took leading parts in operettas appearing as a dainty fairy unafraid. Later she sang with the Areo Glee Club of Lehi.

Anna has worked in church organizations since she was a very young girl. Always she called to her aid those silent partners *dependability, enthusiasm, honesty, kindness, loyalty,* and *sincerity;* people recognized these at once. She worked first as Sunday School teacher and later in the Primary. She has served as Ward Y. W. M. I. A. secretary, Alpine Stake Board Y. W. M. I. A. secretary, and second counselor in Alpine Stake Y. W. M. I. A.

In 1923 Anna was married to Ellis E. Barlow, now a member of the Central Park Ward Bishopric, who is ever anxious to assist her in the home and in her church duties. As sister Louise T. Barkdull has said, "He helps her spread the welcome mat at the door and leads you in to find no clutter, no pretense, but hospitality in abundance and comfort in an immaculate home." Here you are brought to see, "Where love is there God is also."

A short time after they were married they moved into Central Park Ward of Salt Lake City. Here Anna worked in gradual succession first as counselor in the Primary, then Work and Business leader, second counselor, first counselor, and finally president of the Relief Society. She left this work to become assistant secretary, secretary, first counselor and then president of the Grant Stake Relief Society. Later she became chairman of the Salt Lake Regional Relief Society Committee of the Church Welfare Program. Her latest calling is to work on the General Board of the Relief Society.

Here we have a literal example of

ANNA STODDART BARLOW

the "sunshine of her smile," As the first warm rays of springtime fall impartially on all growing things that are in a position to receive them, so Sister Anna's smile is radiated on those about her. And as the signs of growth appear first in the grass and later in the shrubs and trees so Anna's influence has spread from lowly beginnings to the taller branches in that great field of endeavor, the Relief Society. Like the sunshine she has that gift of imbuing others with strength and of helping others to grow, and the organizations she works in grow as a natural consequence. Her sunniness has a certain evident power which acts as a driving force to others. In that lies her ability in leadership.

Anna pays high tribute to the influence of her brothers and sisters upon her life. The usual bonds which unite sisters have been exceptionally pronounced. Always keeping close contact with one another, ambitious for each other's good, these sisters have constantly aided and encouraged Anna and rejoiced in every opportunity and achievement which has been hers.

Anna's fitness for Relief Society work was early evident. Never was there a time when she did not evince interest in the very young, the old, and the afflicted. She has often been seen on the walks of her home town leading a friend's child by the hand. But more impressive still has been her interest in old people. No effort in their behalf has been too great.

Anna's work of the past is a guarantee of her future.

THE SUPREME GIFT

By Della Adams Leitner

We may come to God the Father
Yearning for a gift to bring,
Feeling humbled by our weakness,
Think we lack in everything;
But He takes the gift we offer,
Takes our longing, faith and prayer,

Blesses these with His abundance
Till we find that we can share.
With this sharing comes a vision
Of the gladness it inspires,
Consecration to His service
Is the gift that He desires.

Luxury

By Carla Wolfe

HER slender old hands were puffy and pink from the scrubbing pail, but still as delicate and fine as on the day when Richard had kissed the little diamond into place, laughingly comparing his own rough ones, and whispered, "Prettiest hands in the whole world. I want to do all the work for both of us, Sweetheart, and keep your little hands soft for kissin'."

She had protested, shyly, "I don't want luxury, I just want—you." But looking back today, she figured she had had more than her share of luxuries, even though they'd been through some bitter times together. Richard was gone now, with his faithful gnarled hands. And it was Richard's small grandson, Dickie-bird, who had scribbled all over the tiled kitchen linoleum with some fiendish wax crayon, thus making the scrubbing such an exhausting ordeal today. Richard's only son, lovable big Rich, had paid for the expensive linoleum and the crayons, cheerfully unaware that they were to cause his adored mother this stabbing pain in her back.

Gratefully, Gram reached her own room and sank to the couch by the window. It was a pretty room, this guest room which Rich and Ellen had given her when she came to live with them. It was spacious and cool and sunny, with plenty of places to put her treasured photographs and assorted keepsakes. Best of all, it was her own, a quiet little haven for resting and dreaming and remembering, away from the hustle and confusion that always surrounded Ellen and the babies.

Gram looked at the clock on her dresser, with the little-girl smile she used when she asked a special favor, as if she now were really beseeching the friendly little timepiece to be generous with the minutes it would grant her here alone. Half-past one. Dickie-bird would nap for a good hour longer, and Mariellen until her feeding time at three. Pies were already baked for dinner, and salad jelling in the molds. Steak and cauliflower wouldn't take long to cook. She'd have time to write that long letter to Zilla later in the afternoon, unless the baby was cross, or Ellen arrived home from the club too late to press her dress for the concert tonight.

Gram snuggled into her zephyr afghan and closed her eyes, thinking: "Dear Zilla, you must try to forgive me again for not coming to see you, and not writing for such a long time. I know how lonely you are in that big house with nobody but that housekeeper of yours. . . ." (No, better not write that—)

"You'll just have to put me down as a poor excuse for a friend, Zilla dear," her darting brain scribbled on, "for I haven't an earthly excuse. Ellen and Rich have every electrical device under heaven to do the work for them. . ." (How I'd love to junk them. Gadgets for lazybones, and messy to keep clean!) Gram's imaginary letter had given pause again.

"I have this beautiful big room of my own, with a perfect view of the mountains. . . ." (only I'm never in it except when I'm too dog tired to keep my eyes open!) ". . and I do wish you would get over your nonsense and come to visit me. Ellen had no idea of snubbing you, I'm sure. She's just a bit odd in her ways, like the rest of this new gen-

eration. It couldn't be that we're the odd ones, could it, now?"

MARIELLEN'S little scratchy wail roused Gram to swift wakefulness. How long had she been asleep? It was after three-fifteen! A quarter hour past feeding schedule. And where, oh where, was Dickie-bird? Like a little flurried bird herself, she rinsed her face, smoothed her wavy white hair, snatched a fresh apron and scuttled down the hall. What would Ellen say if she were to come in now?

The breaking in to her luxurious afternoon naps had been hardest of all to get used to, since Ellen had let the maid go. But it would have been folly to keep Janie, with two able-bodied women in the house—and such an easy house to keep clean. Why, within a month of the day Gram had moved in she herself was accomplishing twice as much work as Janie (who drew handsome wages every week) and in half the time. Still, Gram had rather expected that Ellen would stay home more and assume a larger share of the duties, especially the babies. Gram adored naughty little Dickie-bird, and she could have kissed Mariellen breathless a hundred times a day, if such a grandmotherly luxury had not been forbidden. But sometimes their devious schedules, their noisy tantrums, their little mountains of untidy clothing and toys, were too much to cope with as blithely as she might have done in younger days.

Still, she should be thankful for this lovely home with them, and for the effusive affection and gratitude they often lavished upon her. She was thankful! "I am happy," she would insist to herself whenever her sharp little nose got to feeling out of joint. "Much better, as Rich says, to be with my own family, than a 'companion' for Zilla—which is just a genteel way of saying 'hiring out'."

"BUT Mother!" Rich had protested, horrified, when she had faced the decision between the two. Her little income had been swept almost entirely away, on one of those stupid economic chute-the-chutes the country was taking, and Zilla had begged her girlhood chum to come and live with her. The idea had looked quite rosy until Rich's objections had left it pale. "You must not even consider such a thing. You're my own and only mother and you belong in my home, and that's all there is to say about it. Working for a living at your age. . . ."

"But, Son, it isn't as if Zilla were paying me," Gram had protested a bit meekly. "I still have a little money."

"That's just it—a very little. Enough to buy your own pretty lace hankies, and that's about all. Of course you haven't considered that getting your board and room is exactly the same as accepting pay from your friend. No, my darling Mother, the very idea is preposterous. Besides, what position would that put me in, in our friends' eyes? Or Ellen? Or the kids? Now listen to me, once and for all. You're moving to our house—to your house from now on—at once. And you're going to spend the rest of your long life in blessed luxury!"

Well, here she was, Gram reflected, as she lugged the wailing Mariellen from her crib, giving Ellen's jade satin chaise lounge—symbol of blessed luxury—a little kick with the toe of her slender slipper, in passing.

ELLEN was late getting home from club. She skipped in, her color high from driving in the wind,

her big blue eyes bright with pleasant thoughts. "Oh, Rich!" she answered her husband's hug with a snuggle against his chest. "I was just afraid you'd beat me home, and be starved to death, poor darling! But Rich! The best news! Just guess who. . . . Oh, hello, Gram dear. Hope I didn't keep you waiting dinner. I'll be right in. I'll tell you about it later, Rich." She tried to pull away but he held on to her wrist, looking at her.

"You're looking powerful sweet this evening," he murmured, lover-like, looking down. Then he began to hum a popular tune, "Stay as sweet as you are. . . ."

Gram went back to the kitchen.

There was something in the air at dinner, no getting around it. Rich failed to render his usual hearty tribute to the steak, broiled to perfection. And Ellen fiddled with the delectable mold of salad as if it had been so much left-over cole slaw.

To break a long silence, which Gram abhorred at table, she ventured, "I pressed your green crepe, Ellen, when I saw it was getting late. Is that the one you planned to wear?"

"Oh, yes. Thanks, Gram darling. You're too good to me." But the expression was almost perfunctory.

"Too good to all of us," Rich chimed in—but his tone was not all there, either.

The lemon cream pie—a masterpiece if there ever was one—was eaten without comment.

The next day went badly, from the very start. Rich overslept, gulped his breakfast standing up, and left for the office in a black mood. Dickie-bird developed a sudden distaste for his half-eaten cereal, and when Gram refused to give him jam on his toast, he howled so furiously that it woke the baby, and that woke Ellen, and then the daily clatter was on.

Ellen did not dash off today to the golf links or the beauty shop, but puttered about the house absently, almost uneasily. She had plenty of opportunity to unburden her mind, but it was not until late afternoon that she sought Gram in the kitchen and spoke up:

"Gram darling, I hope you won't mind a little favor I'm going to ask of you. It's just . . . it's just . . ." Ellen, the self-assured, was stammering for words, her lovely little face stained with color.

"Of course, Ellen. It's just what?"

"Well, you see . . . Margie Ingals is in town. She was my very dearest, closest friend at college. We were like sisters. And she's left—well, she and her husband are not—they have separated for a while, you see. And she has no family, no place to go. So I really thought I ought to. . . ."

"Invite her to stay here, of course!" Dear Gram was such a help!

"Oh, I knew you'd be an angel and say just that!" Relief flooded Ellen's worries away. She ran across the kitchen and enveloped Gram in an impulsive squeeze.

"You see, nobody's using Janie's room now," she went on cheerfully, though a trifle hurriedly, "and it's really an awfully nice room with its own bath, and all. And you spend such a little bit of time in your room anyway. You're absolutely sure you won't mind letting Margie have the guest room?"

Gram's brown eyes did not change their expression, though they felt as if they were widening to cart wheels; and she remained her customary five feet two and a half, though she felt as if her body, like her spirit, had mounted loftily to tower over Ellen.

"No, indeed, Ellen, I don't mind," she smiled graciously. "She's

welcome to that room *for as long as she wants it!"* Her slender feet carried her out of the room at a firm, swift pace.

ELLEN and Rich found Gram in a rapt orgy of packing. What grand times she and Zilla would have, reminiscing over some of these old souvenirs: this first memory book of their school days together, the marriage book, and Rich's baby book. Later volumes were more incomplete. Why, she'd had no time since she'd lived here to paste in a single entry—and little inclination!

Ellen had broken the news in advance, and Rich was armed with his familiar, blustering, affectionate weapons of protest. He was hurt and nonplussed when the best of them left the little old lady adamant.

"But Mother dear," he cried in abject desperation. "To think of you —YOU, of all people—in the position of a servant—a menial!"

"Menial!" snapped Gram, carefully stowing away a knitting bag and yarn. She would have time to finish that carriage robe for Mariellen, now. "I'll have a lovely fat housekeeper to spare me the menial work, and bring my breakfast to bed for me too if I want it—which I hope to heaven I never will!"

"But Mom,"—as a little boy he had never wheedled more irresistibly. "We love you too much to let you go. Why—I don't know what any of us will do without you. We won't know how to get along at all."

"That's more like it," Gram agreed amiably. "I don't either. Still, your new guest will be here to help you out."

IT was two months later that Dickie-bird's letter arrived. It was printed in his sprawling kindergarten capitals, and Gram knew that Rich must have told him how to spell all the words, and knew also how Rich must have winced at the ordeal.

"Dear Gram, please come back. My trike is broke and Mamma can't make cookies. Margie is mean to my dogs. I got spanked awful. Thank you for the choo choo train. Please hurry home."

"That's what you get for having grandchildren!" Zilla chuckled as the two old friends reread the letter together in the morning room. "I suppose you're going to turn soft and hurry back to them?"

"Do I look like a lunatic?" little Gram replied amiably. "I'll go back occasionally, bearing choo choo trains and dolls, and fool myself into thinking their shouts of welcome are for me alone. But I won't stay long enough to cease to be company again, don't worry."

After a little pause she went on, "Besides, what would you do without me yourself? You need me here, to give that housekeeper of yours something to do besides get fat. At our age, Zilla, it does not hurt one mite to have folks waiting on us now and again."

With luxurious satisfaction, she reached for the latest memory book, to paste in Dickie-bird's letter, on the page headed by the inscription: "Humorous Happenings."

"If we are going to found the prosperity of the country—its commercial prosperity, its industrial prosperity—upon an impregnable basis we must cleanse the foundations of the rot of alcohol."—*David Lloyd George.*

Carlsbad Caverns

By Ivy Williams Stone

ONE summer evening, thirty-five years ago, a young cowboy reined in his pony on the semi-desert of southeastern New Mexico. All around him stretched wastes of cacti, mesquite and chaparral, scattered over the limestone bluffs and ledges. In the silence of the sunset the boy kept his eyes riveted upon a strange phenomenon. Farther over the valley a dark column was moving upward from a cliff. It looked more like smoke than any other thing he could liken it to. It moved, fluttered, radiated in the evening breeze. Every summer evening, this unnamed column ascended into the sky for three hours. Old timers said that in the early morning it came back out of the sky and descended into the ground again.

Jim White's imagination was fired; his love of adventure was awakened. He determined to learn what that weird spectacle was. Thus, from the decision and courage of a cowboy, *Carlsbad Caverns,* the "eighth wonder of the world", was discovered.

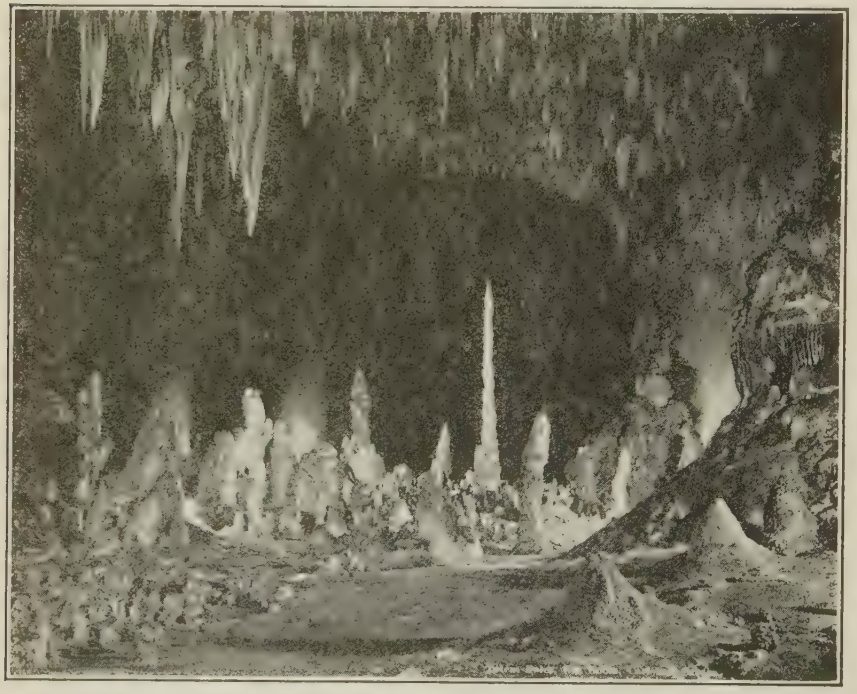
Developing the caves proved to be a difficult task. After several nights and mornings of vigil, Jim White learned for a certainty that the thin column was composed of *bats.* Going out to hunt and forage throughout the night, returning to the cave at dawn, to hang by their claws from the roofs as they slept. Mother bats, young bats, old bats, big bats, little bats. *Millions of bats!* This statement is not figurative—it is literal. For three hours every summer evening the bats stream forth from the cave. They consume over eleven tons of insects each night. Before the caves were government controlled, guano was taken from them in large quantities and sold commercially. The bats hibernate in the caves through the winter months, or fly south. Squeamish or over-sensitive visitors need have no fear of contacting them, however, for that portion of the caves occupied by the bats has never been exploited, and is still intact. Not a single bat was in evidence the day of our visit.

AS a whole, the world is slow to accept as truth anything which seems improbable. When a miner of California returned from a bear hunt with tales of enormous trees, his companions scouted his story. When Jim Bridger recounted stories of steaming caves and boiling pits, people did not at once accept the existence of Yellowstone Park. When Mr. Limbert wrote an illustrated account of the Craters of the Moon in Idaho, he had difficulty in finding an editor who believed his tale.

And so it was with Jim White and his Carlsbad Caverns. With the aid of a Mexican boy, Mr. White descended into that unchartered cave, marking his trail with string and lamp black. He took hazards and risks of which the casual visitor has no knowledge. Finally, the National Geographic Society became interested. Mr. White's ropes gave place to a bucket and windlass. When it became a National Monument the windlass was replaced by a flight of hundreds of stairs. Thirty years after its discovery, it was established as a regular National Park, now provided with beautifully graded and banked approaches, seven miles of paths, with the second largest elevator in the United States at the dis-

posal of those who find the return climb too strenuous.

It costs one dollar fifty cents for each adult who visits the cave, but all children under sixteen years are admitted free. Last spring the governor of New Mexico went through the cave with twenty-eight hundred children, and only one admittance fee was paid. The popularity of this new playground is attested by the fact that nine hundred thousand people have visited it.



CARLSBAD CAVERNS

The caves are skillfully lighted with hidden electric lamps, cunningly placed to bring out the full beauty of each distinctive point. Draperies of thin onyx delight the eye with myriads of shades, when illuminated from behind. The caverns have been developed to a depth of seven hundred fifty feet, but it is known there are caves at a nine hundred foot level, and still others at a depth of twelve hundred feet. The full extent and possibilities of the caves are uncalculated. For the present, visitors are not permitted lower than the first level, but here there are vast reaches and depths. Vaulted ceilings rise over three hundred feet. The "Big Room" measures four thousand feet in length, six hundred in width, and the visitor cranes his neck to glimpse the ceiling three hundred fifty feet above! Weird shapes and formations are on every side: the King's Throne and the Queen's Room; the "Rock of Ages," with its estimated age of fifty million years, is just a baby brother to the Giant Dome, fully sixty million years old. Stalagmites often meet stalactites and join in fantastic for-

mations. Through the uplifting and folding movements of prehistoric ages, through the slow processes of erosion on limestone, salt and gypsum the caves have been slowly formed. Spirals and twisted helicites, fantastic shapes like totem poles, hippopotami, bears, statues, lily pools, stage draperies and curtains, all can be seen by the visitor.

THE caves are open every day of the year. Each guest signs an entrance slip bearing his name and place of residence. As the trip starts, the guests are exhorted to refrain from mutilations of any sort, to forbear writing upon the formations. It is a code of honor, and the nine hundred thousand who have already visited there, have left the caves as they found them, that they may be passed on in their virginal beauty to the thousands yet to come.

About half way down the paths, a man in civilian clothes asked if we wished to be served with luncheon. It being only eleven o'clock, many people felt no urge of hunger. But by the time that long file reached the dining room, the enticing odors of food were irresistible. For the nominal sum of sixty cents, each guest was served with two sandwiches, potato chips, pickles, cake, fruit and hot drinks, served individually, cafeteria style, in waxed paper.

On the day of my visit, there were five hundred sixty-one people in the party. Rangers explained any questions we desired to ask. On the return trip, we gathered together under the shadow of "Rock of Ages" to rest, using the path walls as seats. The park superintendent then gave a lecture on the caves, comparing their age to that of the sequoia trees of California, and the pyramids of Egypt and Mexico. The caves are older than any other known object upon or within our earth. As a fitting climax, the superintendent asked for a half minute of silence and complete darkness, with no striking of matches or clicking of flashlights. For thirty seconds that group of over five hundred people sat in absolute darkness, making no sound. Then, far off down the vista we had just traveled a faint light glowed and distant voices sang "Rock of Ages." Gradually the light increased until the Giant Dome stood forth fully illuminated, supreme in all its dignity, majesty and beauty. God and Heaven seemed so very close. I almost resented the end of the song and the return of the lights. The eyes of many people around me were glistening, and they were unashamed of the emotion.

The trip took seven hours. Twenty-one states were represented among the visitors. Five hundred sixty people from twenty states, and the writer of this article the only one from Utah!

"A mind and spirit that can recognize and welcome the highest when it comes is one of the supreme gifts of man. It is indeed true that, next to genius, what is most like it is the power to know and admire it. Next to being creatively great one's self is the capacity to recognize greatness when one sees it, and make room."—*Harry Emerson Fosdick.*

Women We Should Know

ROSE HOMER WIDTSOE—DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY

(University of Utah—Home Economics Department Head)

By Ramona W. Cannon

ROSE HOMER of Oxford, Idaho, was graduated from the Utah Agricultural College in 1900. That year she began teaching and in 1902 established the department of Home Economics in the B. Y. College in Logan, where she remained for four years.

She then married Osborne J. P. Widtsoe, head of the department of English in the L. D. S. High School. In the beautiful, simple temple ceremony the couple exchanged vows of affection and fidelity for time and for all eternity, little realizing how soon *time* would end, *eternity* begin for one of them.

While it endured, theirs was an exceptionally happy marriage. Both were lovers of home, children, and religion, and were fond of books, flowers, and especially of each other. They built a charming house on Wall Street with book shelves reaching to the ceiling. These were soon filled with volumes indicating the varied tastes and interests of the pair of bibliophiles. After Brother Widtsoe's death, his wife, remembering how he had always liked to have his books in use, gave his professional library of 1500 volumes to the University of Utah with the request that books be added each year. Sixty dollars worth of books have been added annually until now the Osborne Widtsoe library is a very choice acquisition of the State Institution. Despite this gift, the shelves that reach the ceiling on Wall Street are still filled with volumes collected, read and loved by the married pair. They shed throughout the house a lingering essence of the personality of Brother Widtsoe, who was—yes, *is*—an integral part of this home.

Before many years, two small daughters, Karen and Rosetta added to the joy of their parents.

In 1910 Mrs. Widtsoe became matron of girls and lecturer at the L. D. S. High School. For two years her constructive, wholesome influence was felt by those with whom she worked. As an illustration of her good sense, she urged the girls not to wear their soiled and worn-out party dresses to school.

Osborne Widtsoe became principal of the L. D. S. High School, and later head of the English department at the University of Utah. His wife for some years remained at home devoting her capable attention to their little girls.

IN 1917 when America was conserving such foods as wheat, sugar and butter to send to the boys "over there", Mrs. Widtsoe was asked to become City Food Administrator. She was the only woman in the United States to hold that position. Permits from her office had to be issued for all sugar purchased in Salt Lake.

As part of her work Mrs. Widtsoe gave lectures on nutrition, especially on the use of substitutes for white flour, on family income, budgeting, and other home problems. She demonstrated her lectures on cooking, and organized centers where other women demonstrated to the public. She worked in cooperation with the Civic Center Board, who, when Mrs. Widtsoe's duties were completed, wrote individually, all

twenty of them, to President Peterson of the Agricultural College, asking that she be retained in her work as an Extension Division instructor of that institution.

Consent was gladly given. Mrs. Widtsoe called a meeting of eighty-nine volunteer workers, unselfish, well-equipped women, thoroughly prepared for the task in hand. At her request the Mayor of Salt Lake stores, sold in this project for the cost of the material, twenty cents. The government at Washington circulated the report of this project to welfare workers in many other states.

IN 1920 came Brother Widtsoe's illness and death. The shock and grief of this experience did serious damage to Sister Widtsoe's nervous

ROSE HOMER WIDTSOE

advanced money to buy a quantity of mill-ends for underwear. The women cut out and usually sewed the garments, in many cases trimming them with crocheted lace. The Salt Lake Knitting Store cooperated with the women by sewing up the union suits on a power machine. The Relief Societies and Church Aid Committees distributed purchase tickets for these articles to those in need, for the depression was on, and the "flu" epidemic, and there were many in distress. A Rubens shirt for babies costing from $1.25 to $1.50 in the system and general health. She struggled heroically to overcome the weakness, but without much success. Her one great consolation at this time was the knowledge of the truth of the everlasting covenant between them, the feeling that her mate was still interested in her welfare, that he loved and waited for her.

That summer the New York Charity Organization in cooperation with Teachers College, Columbia, gave a course in advanced welfare work to forty-six outstanding women in the United States. Rose Widtsoe's

friends had suggested her name as a candidate, without her knowledge, and she was invited to attend. Fighting ill health, she did the best she could, and found the work stimulating and helpful.

Returning, she was asked to organize a class of ninety widows, for whom the county was caring, whose husbands had died in the "flu" epidemic. This was a supremely difficult task for her with her own bereavement so fresh. She taught them budgeting. The women accounted for the expenditure of each bi-weekly check, before the next was available. Sister Widtsoe checked these reports and found that they were not buying milk and fresh vegetables in sufficient quantities. Laboring, she converted them to the need of these foods.

Mrs. Widtsoe was also keeping records of the budgets of 205 families who received assistance. These were in three distinct income groups. Upon these studies she later based her thesis for her M. A. degree.

IN spite of Mrs. Widtsoe's efforts her health did not improve, and she felt obligated to resign her position. Despair was her portion.

One day President Thomas of the University of Utah asked her why she did not go away to study.

"Do you suppose I could be sure of a position when I returned?" she asked wearily.

"One can never be sure," he replied. "I know of nothing definite, but it has been my observation that the person who is prepared is the one who gets the position."

Mrs. Widtsoe was still very weak. She could not sleep. She could not remember. She could not concentrate. Her house had been in the clear, but unfortunately two weeks before her husband's death, they had been obliged to mortgage it for three thousand dollars.

Nevertheless this widow with two daughters to support borrowed two thousand dollars on a block of stock she possessed, and went to Berkeley, taking her daughters with her. After a most difficult year she received her M. A. degree in 1922, in Economics. She felt the need of a closer relation between this subject and home economics, since women spend eighty-five per cent of the money which goes over the counter. She did some pioneering along this line. When her professor felt that the proper research work could not be done for her proposed thesis on "Standards of Living in America," she explained the work she had done with the different groups in Utah, and was given an opportunity to help pioneer a "standard of living" experiment in Berkeley. Upon her combined research work in both states, she based her valuable thesis. Mrs. Widtsoe now looked forward to coming home and teaching. But Dr. Thomas asked her if she could not remain another year. She was appalled at the advice. She did not know how to obtain funds. Her spirit was crying out for help. Consumed with perplexity she sat alone in her room one morning and said aloud in desperation, "What shall I do?" Suddenly her being was electrified. She distinctly felt the spirit of her husband enter the room, approach her, remain beside her. In some way it imparted to her that she must remain. Then she was conscious that it left the room.

Sister Widtsoe felt uplifted and happy. She spoke to the Dean about the annual Thompson scholarship of six hundred dollars for a Utah student. To her surprise, she received this grant. Her health was better, and she did a heavy year's work toward her Ph. D. degree. In the spring she was offered the position of head of the department of Home

Economics in the Brigham Young University, in the Agricultural College at Logan, and in the University of Utah, which position had only just become vacant.

Her work in the University of Utah has been outstanding. No college credit used to be given for any work in the University in domestic science. This course counted only toward a Normal certificate. Now one may take an M. A. degree in home economics. Courses are now given in child development, and a W. P. A. nursery school functions in connection with the department. In the nutrition department chemical analysis of foods is made, and also each student experiments with animals. When girls see white rats losing their hair and becoming lifeless and ugly when robbed of certain vitamins and see them brighten up when the vitamins are added, they will never forget the picture, and surely they will not be careless about the feeding of their children in the future, says Mrs. Widtsoe, who is always a very popular teacher. Registered in her department this summer are more than 800 students. The quarterly departmental registration has increased from 250 to 1307 during her regime.

IN 1931 Mrs. Widtsoe received her Ph. D. degree from Berkeley. Her thesis was "The Economic Justification for Pure Food Laws, Federal, State, and Municipal." She did a great deal of work in the Boalt Law School, to get this material. Also, to see the practical application of these laws, she climbed rope ladders into incoming steamships, to examine foods carried; she went to railroad terminals, wholesale houses, and abattoirs, working for many months with the food inspector.

In 1932, Mrs. Widtsoe was appointed Home Economics Consultant for the W. P. A. After three years of carrying her heavy double burden, she was obliged to resign, because it was too much for her. She feels, however, that the W. P. A. work she did was the most useful of her life. She organized 482 classes in nutrition, every county in the state being represented. She wrote and sent out lessons. She organized thirty-three food conservation centers where food raised at home or on government projects could be canned with machinery and cans furnished by the government. In twenty-seven counties school lunches were provided, the first year to children on relief, the second to all children, and as this became too great a burden, to any child at a cost of two or three cents for a hot dish to supplement the dry bread, usually brought from home. Thirty thousand children who were literally starving were thus rescued. Two years of Mrs. Widtsoe's W. P. A. work was done without any financial compensation.

With all her fine intelligence, Dr. Widtsoe has been first and foremost an excellent wife and mother. No honors she has received gives her the joy she finds in the memory of her beloved husband, and in the living presence of her two daughters with their husbands and her three lovely grandchildren. Her ambitions were all directed to helping her daughters, who have received every possible advantage, and have been worthy of any sacrifices which Mrs. Widtsoe has joyfully made for them.

She Makes an Art of Friendship

By E. C. C.

IF Shirley's friends were to be asked why they love her, one might say, "Because she looks like a madonna—her big dark eyes so full of mystery, and wisdom, and understanding;" another, "Because she converses so interestingly of new books and magazines that I, though I am really no busier than she, never find time to read;" a third, "Because of her keen sense of humor and her witty way of saying commonplace things."

Someone else would be sure to mention her hospitality, her ability to make a festive occasion of a glass of lemonade and a cheese sandwich, or her sympathy which makes one wish to share with her the minutest disappointment or happiness. And so on and on they would go through all the characteristics that make up the ideal friend.

I used to wonder at her great number and variety of friends. The rest of our little group have a normal number of congenial companions who are about the same age, and have had somewhat similar experiences, and have similar tastes. But her circle is so much wider, so much more varied. Little boys come to show her their pigeons and kites; little girls bring their doll families and play on her lawn; high school students come for her advice on lessons and jobs, and budding loves; young married couples bring their family troubles to her and love to have her with them at their parties; lone old men and women adore her and regard a visit from her as a memorable occasion.

AT last I discovered her secret. She makes an art of friendship. To her it is not an ordinary plant to be allowed to grow if it will without any care. It is a precious one to be guarded and nourished until it brings forth its beautiful flowers.

We all have sudden impulses to do nice little things for those about us: tell Edith how well she sang last night, John how handsome he looks in his new overcoat; or to write a letter to Mrs. Lane whose daughter was killed in an accident, or spend an hour reading to blind Uncle Jerry. But with most of us these impulses are still-born.

Not so with Shirley. One day her impulse matures into a little afternoon social for a group of her tired fellow-teachers where she reads a favorite poem or a humorous essay as her guests relax on her couch. Another day, she takes an old couple for a ride or sends a new game to a sick child. Every day it is something which adds a bit of interest, or fun, or beauty to the world. She is always alert, looking for opportunities to add a little comfort or happiness to someone else's life, and what she gives adds radiance to her own.

She knows the psychology of surprises. She serves old dishes in new ways; she puts gay dresses on her letters and little notes, and finds new words for everyday thoughts and events. When her daughter comes home to visit, she is sure to find a new handkerchief or pin or bottle of perfume in her dresser drawer; when she returns to her work, she is sure to carry back, tucked away some place in her traveling bag, something to make her laugh, or think, or feel—a cartoon or joke, or a few lines of lovely poetry.

Shirley loves poetry and has memorized hundreds of choice lines.

These bits of rare description, gems of philosophy, snatches of lyric rhythm, together with her sense of humor and her own original picturesque speech make her a captivating conversationalist. She always has a quotation to make a sunset, a moonrise, a bon-fire more significant; an apt figure of speech or an amusing reminiscence to make an odd person or an unusual situation more interesting.

Most of us take for granted the little group of friends our circumstances and tastes naturally bring to us. Shirley is constantly widening her friendship circle. Though her own mother is dead, on every Mother's Day she does something nice for someone else's mother—sends a potted plant, some bulbs, a note of greeting and appreciation for the courage, or patience, or loyalty of this "somebody-else's mother."

On the birthday of a childhood pal, who died many years ago, she always writes to the girl's mother. When a great sorrow or joy comes to an acquaintance, she drops in or writes her sympathy or congratulations. Recently twenty young persons who had been in her first grade class twelve years ago received a telegram on the night of their graduation that added to the pride of that occasion.

One day she read of a fire which destroyed a farmer's home in the night while the family was away. Immediately she bundled blankets, clothing, and food into her car and drove out to the stricken family.

She has suffered troubles and misfortunes that would crush most people. She has faced many of life's cruelest sorrows. But her spirit is indominatable. She has found the fountain of "perpetual commonsense and looking on the best side of things."

She knows that a time will come when she cannot get about to do many of the kindly acts that bring her such pleasure now. But she doesn't brood because of that overhanging fate. Doubtless she realizes, as her friends do, that when that time comes, no less than now, she will go on weaving her beautiful tapestry of friendship, sending out from its central figure, which is her own lovely personality, threads of silver and gold to bind innumerable other personalities into her design.

THE DESERT SHALL BLOSSOM

By Lorine Hutchinson Lee

As the desert thirsts for water,
So thirsts the world of men
For streams of understanding,
That peace may bloom again.

As oases on the desert
Are friendships to mankind,
Springs of inspiration,
Refreshment to the mind.

Modern Pioneers

By Vaunee T. Larsen

GOODBYE! Goodbye everyone!" Sue and Jack Taylor gave one last call to the group of friends on the station platform all frantically waving and blowing kisses as the train sped away.

"Oh, Jack, we're leaving Utah for a long time, perhaps."

"Sue, you aren't really disappointed in the way things have worked out for us?" incredulously queried Jack. "Why, Darling, I couldn't know that Uncle John, whom I have never seen, was going to die and bequeath to me, his only kin, his most precious possession, a musty little book store in—now what's the name of the town?"

"Jack, you know it's Virginia, Illinois." Then, puckering her face, "I wonder what it will be like."

They were silent for awhile. Jack was inwardly pinching himself for the good fortune that had come to them. Surely a book shop would provide a more lucrative income than his old job as clerk in the hardware store. He hadn't liked the hardware business, though he had thought himself lucky three years ago when he'd landed the job. His thoughts then had been all for Sue —Sue Collins, and the prettiest girl ever to graduate from old Fairfield High—now his wife for almost a year, and more beautiful than ever. "Well, in a way it will be hard for her," Jack's thoughts ran on, "she loves Fairfield and all her friends."

Sue's thoughts were far from idle speculation on the passing scenery. She was remembering Grandma Hubbard's last words to her. "Sue, you're going to a strange place. You'll live among strangers—you whom I've reared from babyhood. Remember there's good in everyone. If you ever feel slights or hurts from the actions of others, hide it. Be sweet and loving yourself. Pray to our Father that He may strengthen you, and may God bless you, Dear." The tears came to Sue's eyes now as she thought of Grandma—the only mother she'd ever known.

The farewell parties the past week while she and Jack had made ready to leave had been such fun, too. They had played games and laughed and really hadn't thought of leave taking. As she thought of it all now it seemed as if the whole town knew how deeply her roots were with them and wanted her to know there would always be a place for her. Yes, maybe in another two weeks she and Jack would be going to entertainments in Virginia. Oh, it was a grand world after all.

"Jack, there is a branch Sunday School at Virginia, isn't there? It will be fun to start right in helping all we can."

"Why no, Darling. I thought you heard Bishop Wells say we'd have to do something to get one started." At her look of dismay he hastily continued, "The people ought to be pretty nice there. Of course as far as I can learn, Uncle John was a staunch church-goer and we can probably work in his church and maybe get a chance to explain ours."

Sue's face brightened. "Of course, we'll get along grand. I'm glad Virginia is a small place. I'd be lonesome in a big city."

"Here now! Remember, you've always got me—the most adoring husband in the world."

"And I believe every single bit of your blarney, Mr. Taylor," Sue replied. Then they laughed—that delicious laugh of youth that destroys

all fears. During the rest of their journey Sue and Jack kept up a constant chatter concerning their new business and new home. They were interested in all the new things they saw along the way. Sue kept a diary so she could write long and interesting letters to Grandma and the girls.

IT was that cozy time of evening 5:30, when the giant train stopped at Virginia and two excited young people alighted on their "promised land." The old station master with spectacles on the end of his nose, and cap pushed far back on his white hair, was their welcoming committee.

"Now, do you be the Mr. Taylor whose baggage is stored over there? It come the other day and we've been a speculatin' on who you might be. My name's Adams — Tim Adams." This speech was evidently a question and Jack, only too glad of an opportunity to explain, proudly introduced Sue and related the story of the book store."

"Well, young feller, you and your wife have got a nice business all laid out for you. Wish you luck. Where did you say you come from?"

Jack had not said, but he quickly answered, "Utah—and a lovely place, too, Mr. Adams."

"Hm, I've always wanted to meet someone from Utah. I've heard a lot about the 'Mormons.' I suppose there's a lot of them there."

Apparently Mr. Adams' curiosity was not to be lightly disregarded.

"Yes, there are," Jack answered. "Now, you have two right here. We're 'Mormons'."

"You are!" Mr. Adams exclaimed, evidently shaken out of his normal acceptance of life. As he turned away Sue and Jack heard him mutter, "They're a nice appearin' young couple, too."

Then abruptly turning to them, "Well, I wish you lots of success, but if I were you I'd keep still about my religion. This town's pretty religious-minded itself. It goes way back, and people are liable to turn agin you. Now, young feller, don't get cross with me. I like you and I won't say a thing agin you. Just warnin' you for your own good."

"How," he thought, "old John Smithersby happened to leave his book store to a 'Mormon' is more than I can see."

SUE and Jack stayed that night at the town hotel, the gathering place for local gossip. The next morning over many of Virginia's breakfast tables conversation centered on young Jack and Sue Taylor—dressed, not too smartly, some said, but evidently full of fun and no doubt would go "in the best circles." And "going in the best circles" was important in Virginia's social life.

Tim Adams' advice had only momentarily disheartened Sue and Jack. Now they were busy getting settled in their "dear little doll house" so Sue wrote to Grandma. With this easily accomplished Sue decided to help Jack in the store.

The store was all Jack could think about. He fell in love with the tiny office in front and the rows of new books, eight rows, to be exact, and back of them ten rows of old books. He soon discovered that it had been Uncle John's custom to accept an old book as part payment on a new one. There were magazines in the place, too. It was spic and span and tidily kept. However, Sue with her womanly intuition and love of home recognized at once how badly it needed a homely touch. She found an old sofa and some old chairs in the store room. Soon her deft hands had transformed a bare little corner of the store into an attractive reading nook, with a table of magazines

and books, good reading lights, a pretty potted plant and the comfortable old sofa and chairs masquerading as new in their gay chintz covers.

Jack was pleased with Sue's interest. Each morning they would lovingly dust and polish the books and shelves. They did their work well and it was not uncommon to hear one or the other say, "Here's a book we just must read—look at the title." Then hastily assuming once more their businesslike airs they would continue with their work.

The book store business seemed to be just what Jack had always wanted. As for Sue, seeing Jack so happy and busy pouring over his book catalogs made her happy and contented too. She didn't need to remember Grandma's words, she naturally loved everybody and everything.

Jack and Sue had a way of making people feel happy in their store. They let them browse around and when a customer wanted something, they were ready. The tired country women soon found the reading nook a handy place to wait for their husbands on shopping days. Rather self-consciously they would pick up a book or magazine, these women who never seemed to get a chance to read anything but daily papers, and not always those.

ONE afternoon when the reading nook was filled with tired women and several children, the door opened with a flourish, the little bell above tinkling furiously as if it had been commissioned to inform the whole store that it was honored with the presence of Mrs. Arthur B. Bentley. She waited just inside the front door like a stately queen for the homage of her subjects. Jack hurriedly approached her and his disarming smile, boyish face, curly brown hair charmed and softened her as an April wind playing over March hills.

"May I help you, Mrs.——?"

"Bentley. Mrs. Arthur B. Bentley. My husband has the bank here. No doubt you'll be doing business with him. Mr. Taylor, I came to call on you and Mrs. Taylor."

Sue immediately came forward. Jack was proud to introduce her. She looked so sweet in her bright flowered smock and every bit as much a lady as Mrs. Bently herself.

"Won't you sit down, Mrs. Bentley?" and Sue motioned toward the reading nook where only a chair or two were vacant. Mrs. Bentley started to accept the invitation and then, evidently seeing the occupants of the nook, declined rather ungraciously.

It was a little embarrassing for Sue. She had never before known anything of class consciousness. In Fairfield it was what a man or woman was inside that mattered. She quickly turned aside any unkind thoughts of Mrs. Bentley. Perhaps she really didn't have time to sit down.

Mrs. Bentley continued, "What I really came in for is to invite you to our church services on Sunday. You must know your Uncle John was a staunch pillar of the church and we're expecting the same of you."

Jack spoke for them both and Sue's eyes were shining bits of blue. "Thank you, Mrs. Bentley. We're anxious to get into church work. You see we aren't members of Uncle's church. We belong to the Latter-day Saint Church. However, since there are no 'Mormons' here we'll do all you'll let us do in your church activities."

Mrs. Bentley's attitude became rigid.

Slowly she answered, "Really? You're really 'Mormons?' Why I

can't believe it. I'm afraid Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, you've mistaken my motive for calling. Perhaps we'll see one another again sometime." The tone of her last sentence indicated she did not expect to encounter them again. Slowly she took a majestic departure.

Jack's eyes were blazing and Sue was crestfallen. "Now we know what Tim Adams meant," she whispered to Jack.

The women in the reading nook were watching them. They had witnessed the whole humiliating affair. "Buck up," Jack whispered. Sue wondered what these women would do. Until now she had never realized that there were such displays of intolerance as had just been dealt her and Jack. Grandma had told her to open her heart to all. Well she would try.

Mollie Harpers' motherly nature responded to the hurt she sensed. Quickly she spoke, "Now, Mrs. Taylor, don't feel bad about what Mrs. Bentley just said. Why I've never known anyone as helpful as you, and you're just as nice to me and the rest of us as you are to the society people. People here aren't all like Mrs. Bentley, but she sort of rules the roost in this town."

Sue felt the friendliness.

Mollie continued, "Say, would you and Mr. Taylor come out to our house for dinner, Sunday? Of course it probably isn't what you're used to but we are very comfortable." Her children clamored at once, "Oh, do come, please, come."

Sue answered Mollie gaily, "All right, we'd love to."

AND so it was that Sue and Jack Taylor became not a part of the "best" circle of this little town, but the beloved friends of the Harpers and other families like them; families where thrift and economy and hard work were naturally accepted and where a person's inside mattered so much more than the outside. And Sue and Jack gave of their best to their new friends.

Sue wrote regularly to Grandma and once in a while to the girls. She did not mention the incident with Mrs. Bentley nor the fact that the "best people" thought them queer. She really loved her new friends and spoke glowingly and sincerely of them.

One afternoon Sue was at the shop when the postman came bringing her new issue of the Relief Society Magazine. She settled herself comfortably in the nook to read it. There were no customers in the store so Jack said, "Read it to me, too, will you, Sweet, while I sit here at your feet?" And so it was Mollie Harper found them almost an hour later.

"What interests you two so much?" she inquired before they could rise.

Sue showed her the magazine.

"Well, how interesting," Mollie said as she thumbed through the pages. "Here's some lessons back here. What are they, Sue?"

Sue explained the four divisions of work in the Relief Society. "Oh, Mollie, I've missed it so here. I'd give almost anything to be back with it again."

"Well," Mollie said bluntly, "why can't we start it here? I know all of us country women need something like that."

"Really, Mollie, you mean that? I know we could have some interesting and helpful meetings," said Sue enthusiastically."

SUE was tireless in her efforts to make proper arrangements, and finally the first meeting was held in Sue's "dear little doll house."

The women, Mollie's friends, re-

sponded in a way surprising even to Sue who recognized their worth. They all volunteered to take part in the meetings. They agreed with Sue that it would do them all good to prepare and give topics before the group. Sue loaned her books so that all had a chance to prepare. At first some of the women were very timid, not having had any experience in a group where each one was called on to express herself. But with Sue there things went smoothly. Their meetings ran along week after week bringing new interest into the lives of these women and so to their families. At first the men had been frankly skeptical but now all wholeheartedly approved of the practical handwork for the home their wives were doing and the thrifty new ideas they were demonstrating. The husbands liked the idea of their wives belonging to so cultural and helpful a group.

Tears filled Mollie's eyes when she told Sue what her husband had said, "Why Mollie, lately you look ten years younger—just like the Mollie I married." And Mollie declared, "It's all because of you and Jack, Sue."

The town reporter had ignored their meetings at first. However, when they became the talk of all the country women he decided they were important enough for the paper. Thereafter occasional accounts of the meetings began to appear in the paper. Some scoffed at what was being done, but not Mrs. Arthur B. Bentley. She was a sensible person when it came to an unselfish piece of work. She read the accounts of the meetings and recognized Sue's genius behind it all. She never had forgotten Jack's manliness, nor Sue's charming manner, and so, being in a position where she could condemn and forgive at will, she chose to "forgive."

ONE bright morning the following spring and almost a year since Sue and Jack had arrived in Virginia, Mrs. Bentley opened their door for a second time.

Jack, eager to please, as usual, stepped forward, a smiling inquiry on his face, and Sue, working with him in the store, unconsciously put a protecting hand on his arm.

"Mr. and Mrs. Taylor I do hope you'll overlook the delay in this invitation, but as you know, I've been very busy this last winter. Would you please honor us by coming to dinner Saturday evening at 6:30?"

Sue and Jack were delighted. They didn't realize they were the only ones who had ever really scored against Mrs. Bentley.

CAMOUFLAGE

By Alice Morrey Bailey

Gay little dress of flame—crisp—
Dancing and flirting
Who, looking at you, could guess
You hide a heart—hurting?

The Children's Reading

By Florence Ivins Hyde

NO. VII—ETHICAL STORIES.

"Could we give one gift to every child
We should choose the love of books.*
—*William Frederick Bigelow.*

ONE of the most important functions of story telling is to develop ideals. To Latter-day Saints, to whom character development means so much, perhaps it is the most important function. We spend our time and our energy to develop in our children the capacity to distinguish right from wrong and to make them strong enough to *choose* to do the right.

Nothing, unless it be pictures, is so important in influencing character in very young children as the stories they hear. The ideals of these early stories become their ideals and if they are not what they should be it takes long and arduous struggle to change them.

Plato, the great teacher once said, "In order to teach a child truth, it is necessary to teach him fiction." The greatest teachers of the world, even Christ himself, have used stories to arouse the desire for good conduct. The reason for this is that fiction affects the emotions as no other type of literature does. Through it we feel what the characters feel, know what they think as well as how they act. If a desirable emotion is made much of, a child comes to glorify that emotion. If base emotions are justified he comes to justify them. For this reason bad fiction, and we have plenty of it, can do irreparable harm.

*Courtesy Good Housekeeping Magazine

WE give ethical stories to inspire the desire to do some good deed or to develop some desirable quality. Each time that desire is created it becomes that much more a part of the child's character. Rhymes appeal to tiny tots even more than stories. To make them want to be polite we hold up a positive ideal such as this:

"Peterkin Paul was so very polite
That he said to the stones on the street,
Excuse me, I pray, for stepping on you,
But there's no other place for my feet."

Or this from Robert Louis Stevenson:

"A child should always say what's true
And speak when he is spoken to,
And behave mannerly at table,
At least, so far as he is able."

Or this from Alice Carey:

"There are no fairy folk who ride above
this world at night,
To give you rings or other things to
pay for doing right.
But if you'll do to others what you'd
have them do to you,
You'll be as blest as if the best of fairy
tales were true."

To really affect the emotions a story must be well told. It takes literary art to write good moral stories just as it does to write other types. The exquisitely told story of "The Last Lesson" by Alphonse Daudet would touch the heart of every person, young or old. The facts of a story must touch the heart of the child and quicken his emotions, to be of value. When he feels this emotional response he tends to emmulate the act depicted in the story. If we wish to make him feel con-

tempt for hypocrisy or for dishonesty we must use a method which will call forth a contempt response.

Nothing in literature offers so much material for ethical teaching as the Bible, but we should hunt for other stories which may appear in our general reading. "The Village Blacksmith" could inspire a boy to be a solid character. This like any other good ethical story tells the truth. There *are* moral stories which do not. Watch for them.

WHEN children are very young we have control over their reading. It is when they begin to grow up that we suddenly discover that they like many things we prefer them not to read. They even smile at some of the things we think are necessary to give them the cultural background we are so anxious to have them receive. They are bound to get hold of some poor books but if better things are at hand to go along with them we will observe that by degrees they will begin to develop a descriminating taste.

This is the time to include in reading besides fiction, history and biography. The most important function of any form of moral instruction is to reveal the nature of right and wrong. History and Biography do that very thing. They teach us of great men and great deeds as well as of bad men and bad deeds. From them we learn that we reap as we sow. Autobiographies and fiction tell more of the emotions of people. Our imagination helps us to put ourselves in the place of the characters and helps us to understand human life, which is basic in the formation of character.

Biography is the moral element in history. A book which stands supreme among biographies is Mark Twain's "Joan of Arc". Every adult should feel its inspiration. Mark Twain says of the Maid of Orleans, "Her character is ideally perfect. It occupies the loftiest place possible to human attainment, a loftier one than has been reached by any other mere mortal."

IN all this attempt to influence the development of character through stories we must remember that the effort is largely wasted unless the truth of the story is applied to specific problems, which is the difficult thing to do. In reading such stories as the "Good Samaritan" the principle involved should be applied to present-day needs. It is useless to teach a child that he must be helpful unless we show him the specific things which constitutes helpfulness —as helping the blind across the street, offering help to the car broken down on the road, etc. In teaching courtesy we must point out the fact that he must stand in the presence of ladies, offer his seat in a crowded place to those older than himself, etc. After a story on neatness a child should be shown that neatness consists in washing the face and hands clean, combing the hair, hanging his towel and wash cloth in place, etc.

The story provides the ideal but we have no character development until the act has been performed. This is the last step in moral teaching—to supply the opportunity to act in the right way. And his act must be *voluntary*. Activity has no moral value until he does right *voluntarily*.

The purpose of ethical stories, then, is to develop character. The place for them is the home, the church and the school, but the home has much the advantage over the other two agencies. Some families have a fine family relationship but

the children lack character. Character has to do with our sense of right and wrong, with our obligations to society, with the motives which control our lives. We are strong or weak according to our ability to live up to the principles that have been established as right in conduct.

Mary S. Becker sums up the qualities of a good book in these words: "A good book is one that enriches your life by developing your mind, widening your experience or enlarging your sympathies. If it does none of these let it alone."

Recommended Books

For grown-up boys and girls:

Robert Louis Stevenson by Balfour.

George Washington by Scudder.

Abraham Lincoln by Butterworth.

Any biography of Frances E. Willard.

Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens.

For In-Between Age:

Boys and Girls Who Became Famous by Sarah K. Bolton.

Captains of Industry by James Parton.

Story of My Life by Helen Keller.

Up From Slavery by Booker T. Washington.

**Invincible Louisa* by Cornelia Meigs.

Good collections of ethical stories are rare.

For Very Young Children:

Stories For the Bedtime Hour by Margaret W. Eggleston.

Ethics For Children by Ella Lyman Cabot.

Neither of these collections is entirely satisfactory. If you have access to a library, however, there are a few fine stories in *Ethics For Children.* I am of the opinion that some very fine stories could be written from the early missionary experiences of our grandfathers; no stories could better illustrate the virtues of faith, courage, and loyalty.

*Very good.

UPWARD LILT

By Claire Stewart Boyer

It is the upward lilt of song
That carries wearied hearts along;
To feel the rising curve of day
Is turning tasks to play.

It is the upward lilt of heart—
Ah, could you catch it at the start
Of everything you try to do,
Life would be lyrical for you!

Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

CHAPTER FIVE

BEFORE our visiting teachers were sent out we had a meeting with them. The Teacher Topic leader worked hard to get them all there. "If we cannot have a good beginning," she said to me, "what condition will the teaching be in before spring?"

She had asked that all bring pencils and notebooks but provided herself with extras for those who would forget. She had the lesson carefully outlined and put it on the blackboard where all could see. She gave the lesson from the outline and all the teachers copied it, together with some illustrative material she had brought. Then when the lesson was finished she opened her own notebook and on the inside of the front cover was pasted a picture of an old-time sailing vessel. She held it up where all could see.

"In the days when this vessel was used," she said, "there were no turbines or motors as we know them today. Vessels sailed under power of the wind. That inspired the poet to say this," she read from beneath the picture:

"One ship sails east, and one sails
west
By the self same wind that blows.
For it is the set of the sail
And not the gale,
That determines the way it goes."

"It is up to each of you to select your own port—that place for which you are headed. When the season's work is over we shall see how many of us have reached our destination. Remember, you are setting the sail and the journey can end disastrously or you can weather every storm and sail triumphantly ahead. You are the one to determine that."

She gave each of them a mimeographed copy of the vessel and the poem. "When I feel discouraged," she ended, "I shall refer to this. That is why I pasted it in the front of my book." Later she said to me, "If that won't keep them working I shall have to find some other device to keep them going ahead. For problems such as this there is a solution. I shall make it my job to find it."

AS we sang the opening song for our first literary lesson I made a swift but accurate survey of the room. The attendance was average or a little better. Even Bessie Dye and her friend Ruth were here and they were not talking as usual. I was thankful they were present. I had given a great deal of thought and prayer to this group. They were the hardest of all to interest but I felt sure they had something to give us if once they became interested, and certainly the organization could help them. Our meetings are so organized that they offer something to each individual that makes for growth.

I noticed there was a flushed, slightly eager look on Bessie's face that was new, and in her hand she clutched a paper as if fearful of losing it. It was soon apparent why. After previewing briefly the year's work and asking questions for a few minutes on biography the leader asked Mrs. Dye to tell a part of the lesson in her own words.

Bessie went before the room tremblingly. She began slowly with her eyes on the paper but she had some-

thing to tell and soon she was telling it earnestly, understandingly. I could feel the interest of the audience rise to meet her.

She was limited to ten minutes. Then another member took up the story where she left off and finished it. Afterward Mrs. Stimmel took the floor and for the remainder of the time lead a discussion and read excerpts, enough to interest the women in wishing to read it for themselves. She asked questions of two or three whose answers showed they had had the questions ahead of time. No matter, they had risen and expressed a thought. They had found the lesson did touch their lives. This woman they were studying had problems identical with some of theirs. How she solved her difficulties pointed a way to other solutions.

This lesson did not have the polish of some I had heard Mrs. Stimmel give but it reached a greater number of women. I congratulated her afterward and asked how she had interested Mrs. Dye.

"I went to her home," came the quiet answer, "and talked it over with her until I had her interest aroused. She did the rest herself and has already asked for the next book."

So the success of our literary lessons was assured. Mrs. Stimmel had accepted our challenge and there was no doubt as to the outcome.

"SISTER MAYLORD," I turned to face the chorister. "I want to tell you how much I enjoyed the lesson today and wish I could be here to hear all of them, but we are moving."

"Moving?" My first reaction was a sense of regret, then relief. Things have a way of adjusting themseles.

"Yes, out of town. My husband has been transferred and we are moving this week."

Afterward I consulted my counselors. Immediately Rhoda Blomquist cried, "Now Mrs. Holsinger will have to accept."

A deep warm glow of satisfaction stole over me. Rhoda had said that, and she had been so spontaneous and sincere about it.

"Can you go with me to ask her?"

She couldn't, but she offered to sponsor a party for the retiring chorister.

Before leaving the building I called Bishop. He was willing as he had been before. But when I reached the Holsinger home Gloria was not there. I waited until my dinner was over and the children asleep, then went again.

"You are persistent, aren't you, Dona? Why? What is there about your organization that fills you with such enthusiasm? I am going to propose your name for membership in the Progress Club. We need someone like you."

I chose my words carefully. "From all nations of the world our people have been gathered. I imagine they were the open-minded ones, willing to forsake the traditional for the progressive. That in itself would be conducive to enlightenment. Then they were given a plan that rightly administered would leaven the standards of all womankind."

"You might say that of any club."

"We might, but would it work out the same? Our organization is knit together by something more intangible than rules and forms. I call it spirit. Clubs do not have that and they are more or less limiting in membership. That is, they are usually confined to certain social groups."

"We do that for our own protection."

"And thereby limit your growth and understanding. Our membership is open to every woman of moral in-

tegrity. To know women from all stations in life is to know and understand social and economic problems. I am not against clubs. They serve a definite purpose, but speaking largely, our own organization should come first to our women."

After a great deal more along the same line she asked.

"But why pick me for a chorister?"

"We haven't anyone in our organization just like you. You have said that as a group we lack poise. You can help to give us that. You know and love music. You have a personality that can lead. Under you I can visualize the women entering a new field by a familiar gateway. I see them learning appreciation, finding its place in their lives, connecting the history of music with our lessons, singing with understanding and appreciation."

Gloria had been comfortable in her big chair, eyes partly closed. a slightly amused expression on her delicate features. As I finished she sat up suddenly, eagerness breaking over her face in a flood of light.

"I have always wanted to do that. I would love it." Then her voice dropped to a conversational tone "I'll test your plan, Dona Maylord. I'll see if your organization holds for me all that you promise. When do I begin?"

"Right now. Here is my magazine and the instructions from the stake board. It includes a list of suggested songs. You may plan your music accordingly."

ON my way home I had to pass the Grow house. I was walking rapidly looking at something across the street when I collided with someone and someone's arms pinned me tight. I struggled violently, then a little laugh reassured me. I twisted my head. By the flare of the street light I could see Tim's laughing face.

"Tim, what are you doing here this time of night?"

"I might ask the same."

"But I thought you were working."

"I have been and now I am going to work some more, but I will see you home first."

What fun to be taken home again under the protection of his strong arm. I wanted those few blocks to last and last. At our own steps he stooped and placed a swift hard kiss on my lips.

"There you are, my dear. Run along to bed. Don't wait for me for there is no telling when I shall be back."

Then he was gone and I was left staring stupidly at his retreating figure. What work was he going to do this time of night? No matter. He loved me and that left no room for doubt.

Salle Richards was waiting in the living room. After I had paid and dismissed Mrs. Jenkins she said,

"I came to pay you some on the dress and shoes."

"Can you spare it so soon?"

"I have had a pay check."

She wore the dress and shoes and I scrutinized her relentlessly. If there was a flaw in her appearance I failed to find it. Her hair was sleek and shining, the result of planned care. Her make-up was moderate but becoming. Already the fretful, restless look had left her face.

"You like your work?"

"Do I? I love it. And Mr. Holsinger likes me. I can tell."

"How could he help it? I knew you would make good. I could see it shining from your eyes."

At that her eyes misted. "Thanks to you I took the position. There is something else I came here to tell you," she looked down at the ring on her finger. "I am going to be

married but am going on with my work."

"When are you getting married?"

She hesitated. Then, "He has set his mind on two weeks from today. He is being ugly about my work but I am not giving it up for anyone."

"Why are you marrying him?"

Salle faced me in sudden anger, "Why does any girl marry any boy? To have a home. To be protected and provided for."

I wanted to smile at her inconsistency. "But love, Salle?" I could still feel Tim's kiss on my lips and my heart ached for this stubborn girl.

"He loves me and that is why he will finally consent to my working. He will do anything to keep me and I could go to town on that. Imagine my marrying someone who thinks he is conferring a favor on me?"

I sighed. There was nothing else to do.

"I have joined Mutual. I am going to their Hallowe'en dance."

"With Don?"

"I don't think he would be interested."

"And still you will marry him."

She rose abruptly. "I must go now."

As I reached to open the door for her the bell rang. It was Kent Evans. Fate? This time I would not interfere. After greeting us he asked,

"Is Tim here?"

"No. He is working."

"Gee. I thought if I waited until now he would surely be here. We can't seem to get together on this teaching business."

Salle pushed past him onto the step. "Thanks, Mrs. Maylord. And goodnight."

Kent turned with ill-concealed haste. "No sense in my waiting. If you don't mind I will walk down the street with you."

As they passed under the street light I could see them. He held her arm in both his hands and she was looking up into his face laughing. There was something about them that clutched at my heart.

"Dear Lord," I breathed, "don't let her make a mistake."

(To be continued)

DESIRE

By Evelyn Wooster Viner

If I could but portray in words or paint
The look of weather-beaten cottage quaint;
The mystery of a silvered, moon-drenched world;
The wonder of a lily, fresh unfurled;
The majesty of mountains lifting high
Against the changing glory of the sky;
Or light or shadow on the mountain slope;
So that some weary soul would lift to hope—
How worth while life would be!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

AUGUST—Now nears the end
of all our plays
For just a breath of autumn haze
Throws shadows through the golden
maize.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT'S pet project—"Greenbelt" in Maryland—is now in full swing and apparently thriving. About seven hundred families, among them a number of Utahns, have taken advantage of the low rent and quiet community life, and now occupy the attractive rows of white houses with their blue shutters and small gardens. The experiment was meant to be a benefit to the small salaried man and seems to be a success.

ELIZABETH, Queen of England, and all the royal family are in mourning because of the death of the Queen's mother, Nina Cavendish-Bentinck, Countess of Strathmore.

MARY AGNES SHANLEY, detective on the New York police force, arrested a pickpocket in a down town store and walked him to the police station, where she discovered her man had been hunted for by the police for ten years in connection with a $20,000 jewelry robbery.

ALICE MARBLE, Helen Jacobs, Helen Wills Moody, three California young women walked off with the honors in the Wimbledon tennis tournament this summer.

EDNA HARKER THOMAS, wife of Senator Thomas of Utah. is chairman for the Red Cross Unit of the Senate Ladies. The report of her work is said to show the highest accomplishment since World War days. Washington papers give her high praise.

MARY NORTON, New Jersey representative in Congress, was perhaps the most gratified of any one over the passage of the "Wage and Hours" Bill. No one worked harder for it.

NORMA SHEARER has been selected to play Scarlett O'Hara in the cinema "Gone With The Wind." The public is looking forward to a greater sensation than that made by the book some months ago provided she is equal to the part.

CATHARINE TOHAKWITA, an Indian girl, who worked among the tribes in the United States and Canada in relief and conversion about two centuries ago is to receive beautification. She was known as "Lily of the Mohawks."

DOROTHY TIDWELL, twelve year-old farm girl, proved herself a heroine beyond measure for praise or decoration when she dived into the swollen Mississippi and saved her four younger sisters from a submerged car.

HARRIET MONROE since the publication of her autobiography titled "A Poet's Life," has been classed by the critics "The High Priestess of American Poetry."

Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Contest

THE General Board conducts the Eliza R. Snow Relief Society Memorial Poem Contest annually. Three prizes will be awarded—a first prize of $15, a second prize of $10, and a third prize of $5. The prize poems are published each year in the January issue of the Relief Society Magazine. The General Board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, and to pay for the published poems at the regular *Magazine* rates. The contest opens each year upon publication of the announcement in the August number of the *Relief Society Magazine,* and closes October 15.

Rules of the Contest

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem should not exceed fifty lines, and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done it should be legibly written.

4. The sheet on which the poem is written should be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. Only one side of the paper should be used.

6. Each poem must be accompanied by a stamped envelope, on which should be written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes should not be used.

7. Statement should accompany the poem submitted that it is her original work, that it has never been published, that it is not now in the hands of an editor, or other person, with a view of publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted for publication until the contest is decided.

8. Members of the General Board and persons connected with the Relief Society office force are not eligible to enter this contest.

9. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

10. The judges shall consist of one member of the General Board, one person selected from the English department of a reputable educational institution, and one from among the group of persons who are recognized as writers.

11. The poems must be submitted not later than October 15.

12. All entries should be addressed to Eliza R. Snow Memorial Poem Contest Committee, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

RED-WINGED BLACKBIRDS

By Lydia Hall

One morning when the tallest peak
Had caught the sun's first ray
I heard the red-winged blackbirds sing
Where cat-tails nod and sway.

But when they ceased their caroling
And flew into the dawn
On wings set for the south, I knew
That summer, too, was gone.

Magazine Drive

ONCE again the stakes and wards are making preparation for the Magazine Drive which in most places will be held from September 15 to October 15.

Last season achievements were most gratifying. We reached the highest circulation in our history and the Magazine went into homes which had never before known it. This accomplishment was the result of tireless effort, both in planning the drive, directing the work and in making the actual sales contacts. We greatly appreciate the splendid service of those responsible for this success. The benefits derived from the work of those connected with the Magazine Drive can scarcely be measured. Theirs is a service to the General Board, the stake and local officers, class leaders, Relief Society members, and is also a missionary service in thousands of homes.

THIS year we trust that plans will be just as carefully made as heretofore; that the representatives will be equally versatile and diligent and that the same measure of success will be attendant.

We urge that Executive Officers be ready to assist in every way possible. Often they can secure subscriptions where agents are unsuccessful in doing so, and their active support is a source of encouragement to agents whose work is intensified during the Drive.

The goal of the Drive should be a subscription list equal to the number of Relief Society members in the organization — active, inactive, and honorary. We suggest that the agents secure the exact enrollment figure as of January 1, 1938 from the Secretary. This figure should be the same as that sent to the General Office in the annual report.

THE new grouping for awards should be an added stimulus. Wards will be divided into three groups—A, B, C.

Group A will include all wards with a total enrollment of 100 or more.

Group B will include all wards with a total enrollment of 50 to 99, inclusive.

Group C will include all wards with a total enrollment up to 49.

To the *four ward agents* in each group obtaining the highest percentage, provided they have a minimum of 25 subscriptions, a bound volume of the Relief Society Magazine will be presented at the Relief Society General Conference held in April.

This grouping gives all wards an opportunity for position among those receiving the highest percentages.

THE new report forms, which have already been mailed to the stakes, should simplify the record keeping and assist in the accuracy of reporting percentages.

We urge again that all stake representatives see that reports reach our office not later than November 10, 1938, otherwise wards cannot be listed on the honor roll. In the past this has caused great disappointment.

WE trust the following suggestions will be carried out by our agents:

1. Know the Magazine. Be converted to its worth and the importance of the service you are rendering to both the purchaser and the organization.
2. Aim to contact every home in the ward.
3. Talk intelligently on what the Magazine contains.
4. Study the art of selling.

5. Keep records accurately.

6. Send in subscriptions legibly written and containing the necessary information: name, address, when subscription begins, amount of money sent.

It is very important that agents should be accurate in stating the month each subscriber wishes to commence. This will help us to avoid mailing two copies of the same issue to a subscriber. It will also tend to alleviate much work and expense in making the changes later.

This list with the money should be sent directly by the Ward Agents to the Magazine office in Salt Lake City.

Each Agent should carefully read the pamphlet "Instructions to Magazine Agents".

The Magazine office will be pleased to assist in any way possible to make the 1938 Drive the greatest in the history of our organization.

REVERENCE

By Mabel Jones

Dear Lord, at morning's dawn I pray,
Help me to walk like Thee, today.
Give me of Thine own courage true,
Strength and poise the whole day through.
Let my own selfish thought and plan
Take wing in love of my fellowman.
Lord, teach me patience, this I need,
Gladness to do each irksome deed.
Help me to trust always in Thee,
I would look upward reverently.

Lord, from Thy holiness I pray,
Give me humility today.
Truly sincere, Lord, I would be
With myself, my fellowman, and Thee.
Give me the confidence when days are drear,
To say Thy words, "Be of good cheer."
Lord, I would crown each day with love,
Pure and holy as Thine above.
Though despair or joy be mine today,
Help me to walk like Thee, I pray.

Note: The study of the character of Jesus in Relief Society during the past year inspired the thoughts expressed in this poem.

Out of the Best Books

By Kate Wilde

"Seek ye out of the best books words of wisdom; seek learning, even by study and also by faith." —*Doctrine and Covenants* 88:118.

THE CLASS LEADER AT HOME

THE wise class leader who has an entire month in which to prepare her lessons, will make good use of each day in this period. She will not be content with a frenzied attempt at preparation just before class time. She will realize that the part of her lesson which takes the greatest effort and which is the most important is her preparation. Largely upon the exertion which she puts forth at home depends her success in the class period.

That she might have "the spirit of wisdom and revelation" prayer should precede and accompany all her efforts in lesson preparation. Through humble, sincere prayer she places herself in a position to receive that divine inspiration and aid without which any effort will be inadequate.

Reading the material and suggestions given in the Magazine will assure her teaching the lesson planned by the General Board; it will give her the Latter-day Saint viewpoint, and will help her to harmonize her lesson with the lessons which are to be given that day in other Relief Societies throughout the Church.

Now she is ready to read the text. Here she will take notes of the important things she wishes to include, and the quotations she desires to use. She will check carefully to make sure everything she has included is in tune with the attitudes indicated in the Magazine.

She will then study and take notes on all of the suggested references, also other relevant material to which she may have access. If all of this has been done at least a week before lesson time, she will have time to assimilate much of this material. If she never has tried this method of preparation, she will be surprised at the number and variety of pertinent thoughts which come to her. In conversation with her family and friends, many helpful ideas may be gained. From her husband she may get the viewpoint of one holding the Priesthood with the added enlightenment which this brings. These thoughts and ideas she will jot down for future use.

She now has the background material fairly well in hand, and is ready to begin the definite planning of her lesson. The class leader realizes that she does not teach just to present the lesson material. She hopes to teach certain truths by means of this material. So the first step in planning her lesson will be to select an objective to definitely determine just what she wishes to teach through the various facts presented.

Then with her objective constantly in mind, she organizes her lesson material, selecting the incidents and illustrations from her notes which will develop the objective. She may find it necessary to do additional research on certain items and to eliminate others. She will not be alarmed if she has taken notes on material which she does not include. She wants to be certain, however, that she has included all of the material that is necessary in carrying the objective home to each sister, and that this can be presented in the allotted time.

Now that her material is all prepared and organized, just how will she use it in the lesson period? Whether it will be by the lecture method, by questions, discussions, or a combination of methods will be determined at home. Whatever method is employed, the use of several good thought-provoking questions will help hold the attention and interest of the class.

The final step in preparation should be familiarizing herself with the material to the extent that reference to an outline is all that is necessary for developing the lesson. Exceptions to this statement include reading short excerpts that would lose materially by being told.

The preparation which the teacher gives her lesson cannot be seen by her class, but it is sensed by them. The wise class leader is the thoroughly prepared one, who so employes her time at home that she goes to Relief Society able to do more than just give her lesson; she really teaches her class.

THE TEACHER IN THE CLASS ROOM

THE day of the lesson has arrived. The class leader has studied the material in the Magazine, the text, and the references given. She has formulated her objective, and organized her material with this constantly in mind. She has become so familiar with the material that reference to an outline is ordinarily all that is necessary. This means she does not need to have a number of notes, papers or books to shuffle about.

Before leaving home she again seeks divine assistance, that the truths she has studied might be used most effectively, and that her words and actions might be pleasing in the sight of the Father, and instructive to the class members.

She faces her class knowing that many present have had educational advantages at least equal to her own; therefore, she thinks of the members as equals, never as inferiors.

The wise class leader has prepared in various ways for contributions from the class. Special reports, summaries, stories, readings, and telling of personal experiences to add interest to the lesson, have been assigned in advance. Last month's lesson is briefly recalled in order to correlate the subject matter.

The class leader is aware that the objective selected is never stated at the beginning of the lesson, but permeates the entire lesson.

In presenting the lesson, the lecture method is much better than reading the material, although whenever practicable, discussions should be used. Varying the method frequently will avoid monotony.

The interesting teacher often challenges attention by an unusual approach to the subject matter. Through questions and discussions she keeps the members of the class mentally alert. She realizes that most of the sisters have access to the Magazine. She encourages them to prepare their lessons at home by refraining from reading them the material given, but assumes their knowledge by asking questions about it. The poorly prepared teacher who must read one paragraph before formulating a question, then read another to see if the answer is given correctly, may discourage preparation and attendance as well. Many class members not only read their lessons, but study them by looking up the meaning and pronunciation of unfamiliar words or phrases, and reading the references. If the teacher who has a class of this type wants the members to come and enjoy her lesson, she cannot use slipshod methods.

When the teaching has been effective, the truth expressed in the ob-

jective has reached the various members of the class. Through questions near the close of the period, the teacher can often help class members to see the application of the truths taught in their own lives.

The class leader should always bear in mind that it is not the subject matter but the individuals of the class whom she teaches. When her teaching becomes so effective that her objectives are being attained, in that the knowledge, habits or attitudes of these individuals are changing for the better, she may know she is using the course of study for the benefit of those she teaches. Then she may sense a satisfaction similar to that which came to the faithful servant when he heard his master say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

The Gift of Wisdom

By George Gardner

"A CHILD and a man," says Dr. Long, "were one day walking on the seashore when the child found a little shell and held it to his ear. Suddenly he heard sounds—strange, low, melodious sounds—as if the shell were remembering and repeating to itself the murmurs of its ocean home. The child's face filled with wonder as he listened. Here in the little shell, apparently, was a voice from another world, and he listened with delight to its mystery and music. Then came the man, explaining that the child heard nothing strange, that the pearly curves of the shell caught a multitude of sounds too faint for human ears. * * * It was not a new world, but only the unnoticed harmony of the old that had aroused the child's wonder."

The shell, the radio, the microscope and the telescope have brought to man's attention a world richer and more beautiful and more interesting than he had dreamed possible. There are sounds and sights and truths to gladden the hearts of those who believe in the scripture, "Seek and ye shall find." The commonplace appears extraordinary to such men. They are very rare and very important in the long march of progress to a better world. There are beauties and richness of life for them and for all those who do not "live by bread alone."

In the fields and the streams and the forests and the homes and the hills there are multiform sights and sounds for the noble band of listeners and seekers. But these beauties and truths are oblivious to most of us. The dishes, the stoves, the brooms, the plows and the hoes make only grain and flour and bread to the common man, but for others they make life itself. There is beauty in the fields and music in the woods and the homes and these give a special flavor and a special fragrance for those who know how to live.

"Life," said the great Socrates, "is a gift of nature, but beautiful living is a gift of wisdom."

The riches of the scripture, of poetry and music and art are for those who have wisdom; they live beautifully. Their lives are the reflection of truth and beauty, abundant in the world and always about us, but unseen and unheard except by rare, sensitive and precious human souls.

The child who puts his ear to the shell, the sensitive soul who sees that which is extraordinary in the commonplace has learned this truth: "Life is a gift of nature, but beautiful living is a gift of wisdom."

Notes from the Field

By Julia A. F. Lund, General Secretary

TWIN FALLS FIRST WARD

Twin Falls Stake

THE above is a picture of the group which celebrated Daughters' Day in the Twin Falls First Ward. There were eighty-five mothers and daughters present in the group. Throughout the stake the day was appropriately celebrated. An impressive pageant, "The Courage of Mormon Women," was the feature program which included four episodes: The Convert, Crossing The Plains, The Colonizers, and Modern Courage.

During the pageant musical numbers were given. These included: *The Morning Breaks, Though Deepening Trials, Let The Mountains Shout For Joy,* and the entire group sang *Come, Come Ye Saints* and *Carry On.*

A very fine address on the spirit of Relief Society work was included. The oldest mother, the youngest mother, and the mother having most daughters present were honored. At the conclusion of the delightful program refreshments were served.

Franklin Stake

ON Saturday afternoon, May 21, a very delightful entertainment was held for the closing session of the Franklin Stake Relief Society. There was a wealth of beautiful spring flowers in the chapel and the spirit of the occasion was greatly enhanced by the presence of President Louise Y. Robison and Counselor Kate M. Barker.

A special feature was the launching of the Membership Drive. An arch made of yellow and blue flowers symbolizing the project, was very attractive. Stake and ward coordinators were introduced to the assembly in a unique way which caused them to sense the importance of their

calling. The Relief Society colors were most artistically used. This stake is proud of its one-hundred Singing Mothers who, in uniform, furnished the music for the Relief Society Stake Convention.

There has been some very splendid work done in the field of health and in laying plans for preparing school children for the coming year. Clinics have been held in which all the wards have had an opportunity to participate and great stress has been placed upon the health of children.

This stake has a record of merit in the Magazine Drive. Eight out of the ten wards received honors. Through cooperation much has been accomplished in the Work and Business department. Extension work of the State University has been a great asset, particularly in its homemaking activities.

The fine activities of the past year were fittingly recognized during the program and at the conclusion refreshments were served to approximately three hundred.

Idaho Falls Stake

THE picture below is from the Third Ward in the Idaho Falls Stake. It represents the women of the Singing Mothers group in this ward. They are costumed in the styles of the "gay nineties". This picture was taken at the annual Daughters' Day celebration which was held on April 19.

THIRD WARD, IDAHO FALLS STAKE

The lesson for the day was the second one on the *Romance of an Old Playhouse*. Everyone on the program was in costume. The lesson was splendidly given. The literary course has proven to be one of the most popular in the Relief Society.

This enterprising ward is young in point of age, having been divided two years ago, but it has now more than reached the original membership through recruiting other sisters. Not only in the literary work but in the visiting teaching, in the Magazine, and in all other activities of Relief Society, the same spirit of enthusiasm prevails.

en by the Relief Society Stake Board to all the wards of the stake on the 17th of March. A program of appropriate and beautiful pageantry, music, and readings was given. A tribute to the oldest active Relief Society worker in each ward was composed and read by the stake Literary leader. Refreshments were served from an attractive table, dec-

BOUND MAGAZINES, WELLSVILLE WARD

Hyrum Stake

THE above picture is taken of twenty-one volumes of the Relief Society Magazine. These books were collected and bound by the officers and members under the direction of the President of the Wellsville Ward and presented to the organization. These form a most valuable collection, and are an indication of what the ingenuity and thrift of the sisters of the organization can accomplish.

Tintic Stake

A VERY interesting report of the year's activities in Relief Society comes from the Tintic Stake. A delightful entertainment was given by the Relief Society Stake Board to all the wards of the stake on the 17th of March. A program of appropriate and beautiful pageantry, music, and readings was given. A tribute to the oldest active Relief Society worker in each ward was composed and read by the stake Literary leader. Refreshments were served from an attractive table, decorated in blue and gold, centered with a large three-tier birthday cake. Blue and gold favors were an attractive feature of the occasion. More than 135 guests participated.

During the year the annual visits of the Relief Society presidency and stake board were held. The representatives met with the officers and teachers in order to have an intimate discussion of problems and to give special attention to the ward workers in their duties.

A poem contest was sponsored by the stake. Every ward responded and some very excellent poems were submitted. Awards were made to those composing the best.

A social and financial achievement of the stake was the Harvest Festi-

val. A very clever program was arranged and each ward participated. A Mis-Fit Dance with novelty numbers featuring the Spot Dance, Virginia Reel, and other old-time favorites followed. Each ward had refreshments to sell and shared in the profits of the entertainment.

One ward in the stake has the enviable record of achieving 100% visiting teaching. In the beginning of the year the visiting teachers of the ward were divided into two groups headed by captains. The side having the most successful teaching was to be entertained by the losers. In December each side had visited 100 per cent, so the ward officers gave a party honoring both.

The following beautiful tribute is paid to Sister Margaret Brohm by the secretary: "The joy of achievement and the happiness which comes from efforts crowned with success was tempered by the passing of a beloved Board member, Sister Margaret Brohm. Sister Brohm had been on the Tintic stake board for fifteen years. Her labors as a social service worker had made her beloved by all who knew her. She also served as stake librarian. Her devotion to truth, her tenacity in holding to Latter-day Saint ideals, her love and wisdom have been and will continue to be an inspiration to us who were privileged to be associated with her."

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION, MANTI CENTER WARD

South Sanpete Stake

FROM the Manti Center Ward of the South Sanpete Stake comes the above picture. It represents the presidency and social committee having in charge the celebration of the 96th anniversary of the organization of Relief Society. The occasion was made memorable by the very fine preparation made and the enthusiasm with which the accomplishments of Relief Society were presented. A program appropriate to the occasion was given. This was followed by a delightful luncheon served to more than 112 guests.

Tintic Stake

The following is the winning poem in the Poetry Contest conducted by the Tintic Stake Relief Society:

SACAGAWEA

By Melba Allen, Goshen Ward

Farflung from out the thrilling past,
Emblazoned bright in deeds that last,
Are echoes of the great of old
Whose hearts beat steadfast, high and bold.
And lo! from out that echoing throng
Comes a sweet story told in song,
A saga, of a maid sincere
Whom we should honor and revere.

Sacagawea, far from home
A captive maid had lived alone
Within a strange and distant land
Far from her father's loyal band.
And oft when trees in green were dressed,
When churning waters were at rest
She walked along the forest glade
And longed for home, this Indian maid.

To Charbonneau she soon was wed.
She found him harsh and cruel, instead
Of loving, kind. 'Twas then she knew
He scorned her skin of copperhue.
In spite of trials and deep despair
Her dauntless spirit kept her there
A heroine in embryo
Who on a mission soon would go.

And then one morning clear and bright
A straggling company came in sight.
Adventurers bold, a motley crew,
They came into this land so new.
New to the whitemen, yet so old
To wandering tribes and chieftains bold.
They journeyed westward to the sea,
They hired a guide. 'Twas none but She.

Her papoose, small and newly born
She strapped upon her sturdy form.
Sure of her task as though 'twere done
She led them toward the setting sun.
As through the wilderness they'd roam
Her native instinct led them home
Unto her people's hunting ground
Where aid and food they quickly found.

No mortal pen can ever tell
The trials, the sorrows that befell
That noble band. And She, so brave,
Their faith and food, their lives did save.
Her light of courage ere shall cast
From out the portals of the past
A beacon to all womanhood
To build a life of worth and good.

* * * *

Sacagawea, brave and true,
Help us to be a guide like you!

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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Editorials

Appreciation of the Beautiful

IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. . . .
And God saw that it was good.

One of our inheritances from our Heavenly Father is this love of creation and experiencing joy in seeing that the things created is good and beautiful. One of mankind's most exalted moods is that mood in which he views a product of his own creative genius with approval and has the thrilling consciousness that it never would have been were it not for him.

When any work draws out of one the best of which he is capable there is spiritual growth. When one makes a conscious effort to develop so that his best is the expression of truth and beauty, there is the greatest of spiritual growth.

How desperately the world needs the exalted ideal of work! How fortunate is the country with a well-developed folk art! How fortunate is the home with an heirloom, the value of which is increased by time because of the character of the work which is the expression of the truth and beauty of the soul of the artist.

The spirituality which he developed with his work will enrich our lives as we grow in appreciation of the truth and beauty expressed. Destroying such a piece of work is sacrilege. It is destroying art, and behind any work of art is the soul of the artist.

A love and an appreciation of such beauty will add spiritual tone to any home. Every home should have some handmade article into which has entered the elements of beauty, proportion, harmony, good true workmanship, which will lead surely if unconsciously to an appreciation of the finest wherever found.

If we have not, let us begin now to build for the future.

—*Kate M. Barker.*

Unselfish Giving

"LET no man seek his own but every man another's wealth." (I Cor. 10:24.)

The Master has truly said that it is more blessed to give than to receive but in giving as in all other activities wisdom is needful. The mother desiring all good for her child is willing to give of her strength, even of her life. But should she always carry the child to shield it from misstep, denying

it the opportunity to do, the child would never walk. The teacher who in her anxiety to push the pupil forward does the thinking for it, denies to it the right to grow. The social worker eager to assist people in distress unwisely giving of material assistance and service may actually retard the family's ability to overcome its difficulties and become self-sustaining.

Man's destiny is to become a creator and he is happiest when creating. Denied the opportunity to give of himself he stagnates.

The satisfactions of giving are such that once enjoyed unwise giving may result. The psychologist tells us that the mastery satisfaction is fundamental in the psychology of man. Many people give to gratify the mastery impulse. Who does not upon occasion like to do the big thing—the generous thing—to be in reality "the Lady Bountiful?" Someone has said giving makes the sublime appeal to the "I am big" which lies deep-rooted within all mankind. At times we give, particularly of our means, to be relieved of further social responsibility. There still remain many, however, whose endless giving is prompted purely by the spirit of the Master —the sincere love of fellow man. But no matter what the deep-seated and underlying motive for giving, be that giving material wealth or service, it builds strength and power—strength to overcome selfishness, to share, to love our neighbor as ourself—and is a source of genuine joy.

Sometimes, in our own selfish unselfishness we give to excess, standing in the way of others enjoying the same satisfactions and development which we so highly prize. Forceful personalities unintentionally but frequently monopolize the giving opportunities within the social group, submerging less aggressive members. When continued over long periods of time this may result in the individuals so denied having a feeling of inadequacy which affects personality even as lack of physical exercise affects muscular development.

We often give because we appreciate the fact that we are better able to do so than another, losing sight of the fact that the effect of doing is of greater value in personality than the thing done.

There is no surer way to make a friend than to let a person do something for you. Abraham Lincoln recognized this truth and often employed it in winning erstwhile enemies. At one time he was bitterly opposed in Congress by a certain gentleman. So intense was the man's feelings against Lincoln that he refused to speak to him save when political necessity demanded. Lincoln learned that the gentleman owned a very valuable set of books. Approaching him one day he asked for the loan of one volume. Returning it a few days later he so sincerely expressed his appreciation that the gentleman offered another volume and still another. The result was that Lincoln won for himself a loyal supporter and a fast friend.

The Savior stands the pattern in giving as in all else. He invariably gave guidance and opportunity that joy and development might come to others. He had no need of the widow's mite but recognized the need of the widow to make the gift.

"He that provides opportunity for another increases the fruits of his own righteousness."

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

LESSON 2

THE MEDITERRANEAN WORLD IN THE DAYS OF THE APOSTLES—(*Cont'd.*)

HELPFUL REFERENCES

H. E. Dana, *The New Testament World,* pages 126-162.

B. W. Robinson, *The Life of Paul,* pages 5-24.

J. P. Smyth, *The Story of St. Paul's Life and Letters,* pages 8-14.

T. G. Tucker, *Life in the Roman World of Nero and St. Paul,* pages 260-337, 361-415.

Education in the Roman World.—We are far too prone to assume that education and scholarship are products of our own age and were not known to any extent in the days of the Apostles. But such assumption is not warranted. Scholarly researches and intellectual achievements were on a very high plane and compare very favorably in many respects with our own age. Even before the advent of Christianity the scientific achievements of the Greeks were remarkable. Sedgwick and Tyler have made the following statement: "In science the Greeks had to build from the foundations. Other peoples had extensive knowledge and highly developed arts. Only among the Greeks existed the true scientific method with its characteristics of free inquiry, rational interpretation, verification or rectification by systematic and repeated observation, and controlled deduction from accepted principles." Mathematics and mathematical astronomy were the favorite Greek sciences. Next in order came medicine and anatomy, followed by geography, botany and the natural sciences in general. Chemistry was not considered as a science apart, but rather as a necessary stock-in-trade of manufacturers. Luke, the Greek physician, companion of Paul and the writer of the Gospel by his name, and the "Acts," was doubtless well schooled in the sciences and medical lore of his day. Tucker (p. 244) points out that the knowledge and skill of surgeons and physicians of that day were by no means contemptible, and their surgical implements and pharmacopoeia were surprisingly modern. The writer saw surgical implements that were used among the Romans of 79 A. D. while traveling in Italy. To say we were surprised would put it mildly. (See illustration in Tucker, p. 245.) Physicians and surgeons didn't have the high social standing among the Romans that they have in our society. They, together with attorneys, artists, schoolmasters and clerks belonged to the "common" people, along with bakers, butchers, carpenters and the like. Luke was therefore a "commoner."

Among the Romans literature and oratory were considered the most important subjects from the cultural point of view. The Roman world produced a vast literature. Books were written in great numbers and scribes were specially trained for the task.

Greek Universities were established in Rhodes, Tarsus, Alexandria, Marseilles, and Antioch. Alexandria was famous for its great library and museum.

Education was probably not nearly so widespread as today. There were no laws compelling children to go to school; their education de-

pended upon the means and the attitude of the parents. Most of the teachers were men, but women teachers and scholars were by no means unknown.

We cannot pass on to another topic without saying something about philosophy. The unsatisfactory state of most religions in the days of the Apostles caused many persons with superior minds to turn to philosophy for comfort and solace. The impact of Christianity and contemporary philosophy had some interesting results. There can be no doubt but that the current philosophies of the Graeco-Roman world had their share of influence in corrupting the primitive simplicity and purity of the Christian teachings. The pagan influence on the so-called Christianity of post-apostolic days is still reflected in the religious sects and denominations of our western world. It is necessary for Latter-day Saints who would understand the problems of the ancient Twelve to be conversant with the history of the philosophy of that day. Space forbids us from considering any of the philosophies with the exception of the two most common—Stoicism and Epicureanism. Professor Tucker says that the Stoics were the Pharisees, the Epicureans the Sadducees of pagan philosophy. Stoicism came to be the characteristic Roman creed. At the time of the Apostles the prevailing philosophy was indeed Stoic in theory but Epicurean in practice.

The school of Stoic philosophy was founded by one Zeno of Phoenician descent, who was born in 336 B. C. The school received its name from the place of meeting, the Painted Stoa, a colonnade on the north side of the Athenian market place. Although first taught in Athens the early devotees of Stoicism were generally Greeks who lived outside of Greece proper, in other words Hellenistic Greeks. The practical Stoic belief was of such a nature as to appeal to the grave Roman character and temperament. The stronghold of Stoicism finally came to be Rome. For several centuries the Stoic philosophy became the religion, at least in theory, of nearly all noble and educated Romans. It was expounded and taught by such great writers and thinkers as Cornutus, Lucan, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. The main doctrines of Stoicism have been set down as follows: "Virtue, to the wise man, is the highest good. Fixed laws govern the Universe and these laws express the world-soul, of which the human soul is a part. Goodness is to be found in the true knowledge of nature, and this knowledge is to be won by reason. Wisdom consists in living in accord with nature. The wise man is self-sufficient. Self-control, therefore, is of paramount importance. Serenity of mind is essential, whether in pleasure or pain." The Stoics denied the seeking of pleasure. If pleasure came it was merely an accompaniment of virtuous conduct.

Epicurus (342-270 B. C.) founded the philosophy named after him. He was of Athenian parentage. In brief, Epicurean philosophy may be explained in the following words: "The universe consists of atoms and void; the atoms are without limit as to number, indestructible and indivisible, and are in perpetual motion in the void. . . . There are numerous worlds in the universe. The gods exist, it is true, in a realm of their own, but they do not concern themselves with humanity, nor do they rule the world. Consequently man should free his soul of all religious fear and superstition, and likewise of the terror of death. The soul, itself corporeal, perishes with the body, for death ends all. Sen-

sation is alone to be trusted, for it is only through the senses that reality and the truth may be ascertained. Happiness is the chief end of life, and pleasure consists of pleasant sensations. But by this Epicurus did not mean sensuality. . . . 'Happiness,' said Epicurus, 'was to be achieved through freedom from disturbance, by the living of a simple life, and by choosing those pleasures which bring real and permanent contentment to mind and body. Wisdom enables us to make the proper choice.'" It will be perceived that Epicurean philosophy provided little stimulus or drive to righteous living. Few of its followers could live up to its principles with any zest. The result was that many became lazy, vicious, and made light of vice. It is no surprise therefore that Epicureanism became known as "The philosophy of the pig-sty" even though it did not mean this to its founder. As we have already indicated Roman philosophy in the days of the Apostles was Stoic in theory but Epicurean in practice. No wonder the ancient Apostles had a tremendous problem in carrying the Gospel to their contemporaries!

There were many charlatans and dabblers in philosophy who were despised by the professional Stoic and Epicurean teachers of Athens. For a time Paul could hold the attention of the latter, but when he taught them the doctrine of the resurrection they looked upon him as another of the itinerant quacks who were common to that age. He found in his age what we have found in ours, that it is difficult to teach the Gospel to professionals.

The Family in the Graeco-Roman World.—As in most "advanced" civilizations families in the Graeco-Roman world were not very large. The old Hebrew views that "children are an heritage of the Lord" and "happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them," did not prevail over a large territory. The state became so concerned, in fact startled, during the reign of the first emperor Augustus, over the sharp decline in the birth-rate that it penalized persons who remained unmarried or childless and granted special concessions to parents of three or more children. The situation was similar to that which exists in certain European countries at the present time. But the Romans seem to have disregarded the law and it became a more or less dead statute.

While the right of a father to put his children to death was no longer recognized in the age we are describing, it was still legally possible to do away with children that were deformed. Seneca, as quoted by Tucker, says, "We drown our monstrosities." It should not be supposed, however, that the putting away of children was practiced to any considerable degree. We cannot believe that Romans, unlike other people, were without love and affection for their wives and children. In fact the records are numerous that show touching love and affection in many of their families. They remind us of the Biblical citation to the effect that "the iniquity of the Amorites was not yet full."

As contrasted to the position of women among the Jews, however, the women of the Graeco-Roman world were in a relatively low position. The papyri make it plain that divorce was exceedingly frequent. Professor Tucker writes, "Nothing like it has been seen until modern America." Divorce was a matter easily tended to because only a formal notice from either of the contracting parties to the other was needed to dissolve the union. The children of such people were the

ones who suffered and who were responsible for much of the crime of that age. It is quite probable that early Chirstianity penetrated readily only those families where parents and children had love and affection for each other.

Religion in the Graeco-Roman World.—The old religions of Greece and Rome had almost completely lost their hold on all classes of people; in fact from the days of Alexander the Great there had been an infiltration of Oriental religions and cults into the West. The so-called mystery religions from Syria and Egypt became dominant in most parts of the civilized world. These religions gave greater satisfaction to the cravings of people for a warmer and more sympathetic faith. They were emotional in their appeal and catered to the old love of men for secret initiation and mysterious ritual. J. A. Findlay points out that the most significant characteristic, common to all of them, is found in the fact that they centered upon the idea of a god or hero who died and rose again, thus ministering to the hope of immortality. None of these cults, he adds, had any connection with anything which we should call morality—only with ceremonial purifications—and indeed a great many of them were bound up with vicious sexual practices of the most demoralizing type. In addition to these popular religions there existed the imperial cult or worship of the Roman emperor. The people of the East found no especial difficulty in deifying each individual Emperor. The Roman rulers were not slow in taking advantage of this peculiar psychology. We can easily understand why the early Christians had great difficulties at times with the Romans. Their refusal to worship the Emperor might be construed as treason.

* * * *

In our first two lessons we have noted just a few high lights in the world of the ancient Apostles. A more detailed and extended study of that world will greatly increase your appreciation of the work accomplished by Christ's special witnesses.

Questions and Problems

(Deal Only With As Many As Time Permits)

1. Compare and contrast education in the Roman world with that of our own age. (It may be well to assign this problem to some sister with special talents.)

2. Why would the Romans be much concerned about a falling birthrate? Discuss the problems involved with especial reference to conditions now existing in the world. What do you think the attitude of the ancient Apostles was toward the practice of having small families?

3. Compare the divorce problem in the Graeco-Roman world with that of the United States? What are the religious implications of divorce?

4. In the light of religious beliefs in the Roman Empire would the ancient Apostles be likely to have made few or many converts?

Visiting Teacher Department

MESSAGES TO THE HOME

NO. 2.—FEAR

Jesus said, "Fear not. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—*Matthew* 11:29-30.

COURAGE and self-reliance are integral qualities of strong personality. Fear is an enemy to these qualities. Children are born with but very few fears, but in their early years, parents teach them many. Who can estimate how much these fears hamper the joyousness of life. Fear complexes express themselves in many ways. E. M. Ligon, teacher and psychologist, says that fear is the most disintegrating of all the enemies of personality. Worry, anxiety, terror, inferiority complexes, pessimism, greed and the like are all varieties of this one great evil. We lay awake nights dreading possible calamities of the morrow. We do and say cowardly things prompted by it. We are selfish and thoughtless of others in times of danger. Our minds become confused and frantic when it masters us. It undermines our personalities, makes us afraid to stand up for what we believe to be right, and afraid to dedicate our lives to the purpose which challenges our best selves. In time of illness fear is one of the most destructive factors. Wars are caused because of fear. Young people do not marry because they fear the responsibility of family life.

The Master taught us that we should avoid fears which stand in the way of our perfect development. Did He not say, "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" and, "Fear not little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

Jesus, however, also taught that we should have healthful fears. For example, He taught that we should fear sin and him who is able to destroy us; that we should fear ignorance and hypocrisy; that His mercy is with them who fear Him and are obedient to His commandments.

Intelligent observation may protect us from a multitude of senseless fears. To overcome a senseless, destructive fear, it is necessary to bring the thing which we fear into the light, if possible discover the original cause of the fear, examine it in relation to our present state of feeling, and substitute healthful emotional and physical reaction.

The individual who sees the situation clearly, who intelligently controls emotion, and substitutes action for worry overcomes many of his fears and develops desirable character and personality.

Problems For Discussion

1. Give illustrations from the life of the Master where by example He taught us to fear not; by precept.

2. How may we overcome worry? What is its effect upon personality?

3. What did Jesus teach about anxiety? (See *Matthew* 6:27.) Explain this in the light of personality.

4. Name some healthful fears and suggest the type of protective action which they prompt.

References: *Luke* 12:1-32.

Visiting Teachers are to call attention to Theology, Literary and Social Service lessons, also Work and Business programs as planned by your ward.

Literature

THE ADVANCE OF THE NOVEL

Lesson 2

Robinson Crusoe

IT may seem a bit strange to some people that *Robinson Crusoe* should be selected as one of the novels for discussion during this course. If any defense is necessary, perhaps it is enough to say that most critics regard it as the first of the real English novels and a predecessor of a long line of other novels which were influenced by it.

Robinson Crusoe, in a sense, is what the critics are pleased to call a picaresque, or rogue story. This form of story had been popular earlier in Spain and had found its way into England. However, *Robinson Crusoe* differs so much from such stories in form and treatment that even to mention the picaresque story may not be wise, for though Crusoe is portrayed truly as a young rogue in the beginning, his experiences changed his life and the author did his best to present a realistic picture of a developing man.

As has previously been intimated, Defoe may have had some of his material first hand from men he met in Newgate prison where he was incarcerated.

It may be well, then, to glance at the book in a friendly, critical manner and see just how well Defoe did succeed in producing a great story.

Professor Phelps in his book *The Advance of the English Novel,* says: "Professor Raleigh, in his admirable little book, *The English Novel,* . . . which combines the terse condensation of a manual with the easy and luminous style of good armchair talk —calls attention to the three modes of novel composition. The author may tell his story as an invisible and omnipresent mind-reader, he may put the whole thing in the speech of the leading character, or he may depend exclusively on the epistolary correspondence. One might add that many authors employ all three in one; the story is told by the novelists, with the introduction of much conversation, varied by occasional letters."[1]

In *Robinson Crusoe,* Defoe has employed the first method using the first person. In this he was wise since it is the easiest method to use "if one is trying to impress the truth of the tale upon the mind of the reader."

Robinson Crusoe begins: "I was born in the year 1632, in the city of York, of a good family," and immediately the reader ceases to remember that this is a tale of a fictitious character. Crusoe immediately becomes as real as George Washington, who was born in 1732, or as any other character in history who has left us his diary.

To further impress the reader with the truth of the narration, the author gives details about the family which establish them, also, as real and genuine people.

The verisimilitude with which Defoe invests his story is one of its chief charms and one of the reasons why the old book has sold by the thousands, in complete and abbreviated form, for more than two hundred years.

Professor Wilbur Cross has a paragraph about the book that is illuminating. Says Cross: "The aim

[1] *The Advance of the English Novel,* Phelps, p. 44.

[2] *Development of the English Novel,* Wilbur L. Cross, p. 28.

of Defoe . . . . is humanized adventure."[2]

Fred Lewis Pattee, a well-known American critic, as has been said, once wrote that we are interested in a romancer and a novelist for two different reasons. We are interested in what a romancer has to tell, but in a novelist for what he has to say. Defoe combined these two interests admirably in *Robinson Crusoe* as can easily be pointed out. He takes his hero through many adventures, but in so doing he injects a considerable amount of philosophy which raises the story out of the mere adventure class.

Passages like the following are common in the book. Youthful Robinson, after having been warned by the old seaman against going to sea, soliloquizes thus: "As to going home, shame opposed the best motions that offered to my thoughts, and it immediately occurred to me how I should be laughed at among the neighbors and should be ashamed to see, not my father and mother only, but even everybody else; from whence I have often observed how incongruous and irrational the common temper of mankind is, especially of youth, to that reason which ought to guide them in such cases, viz., that they are not ashamed to sin, and yet are ashamed to repent; not ashamed of the action for they ought justly to be esteemed fools, but are ashamed of the returning, which can only make them *esteemed wise men.*"

A less astute story teller than Defoe might easily have written his novel without that rather long series of adventures which precedes the actual story of Crusoe's being cast away upon an island. Defoe had the genius to see that a prolonged introduction would add to the truth-feeling of the story, a feeling that he must induce in order for his tale to be accepted as anything but a mere fantastic narrative. Each of young Crusoe's adventures adds a bit to the reader's belief in the existence of the man and to his interest in the man's final outcome.

After the ship has run aground and the castaway is actually upon the "Island of Despair", Defoe does not let down a single instant. He still records with the most careful detail the little things that make for reality.

It was a masterly stroke, in a sense, for the author to pause in his narration to have Crusoe strike a balance between the good and the evil. Says Robinson, "I drew up the state of my affairs in writing." He then proceeded to list the things which caused him to despair and those which gave him hope. And, like a good Christian, he finally found such kindness manifest toward him that he was reconciled to his fate. He ended his credit entry thus: "But God wonderfully sent the ship in near enough the shore, that I have got out so many necessary things as will either supply my wants or enable me to supply myself even as long as I live."

One who has not read the story might wonder how a novelist could deal with one man on a lonely island not even inhabited by wild beasts and keep up the reader's interest. But because he can relate details with ease and interest, this situation presents no real problem to Defoe. He makes the finding of a bag which had once contained corn, and the planting of it, an adventure. The discovery of some green blades where he had emptied the bag became a miracle.

Says Robinson, "At last it occurred to my thoughts that I had shaken the bag of chicken's meat out in that place; and the wonder began to cease; and I must confess my religious thankfulness to God's providence began to abate too, upon the

discovering that all this was nothing but what was common; though I ought to have been as thankful for so strange and unforseen providence, as if it had been miraculous; for it was really the work of Providence as to me, that should order or appoint that ten or twelve grains of corn should remain unspoiled, when the rats had destroyed all the rest, as if it had been dropped from heaven; as also that I should throw it out in that particular place where, it being in the shade of a high rock, it sprang up immediately; whereas, if I had thrown it anywhere else at that time it had been burnt up and destroyed."

The importance of this grain and his care of it, Robinson indicates by saying: "But it was not till the fourth year that I would allow myself the least grain of this corn to eat, and even then but sparingly . ." He then tells us how important that restraint was to him on account of difficulty he had in growing his corn.

This detail of the finding and the growing of the corn is but one of many incidents which Defoe surrounds with an interest and a charm that makes the reading of such commonplace matters a real adventure.

As Cross so well said, Defoe ". . . brings the story home to the Englishman of the middle-class, for whom he primarily writes, by telling them that their condition in life is most conducive to happiness, and by giving expression to their peculiar tenets; their trust in dreams, their recognition of Providence in the fortuitous concurrence of events, and their dogmas of conviction of sin, of repentence, and conversion."

Robinson Crusoe's sickness is well treated by Defoe who uses it as a means of bringing about his roguish hero's complete change of life. The sickness results in prayer and the prayer in his coming to rely upon God as the all-wise being who can be aware of a lone man on an island as well as of a man anywhere else in the world. This conversion is followed by the fortuitous finding of a Bible in one of the chests which he had brought from the ship.

Defoe, with great care, follows his hero from day to day and from year to year, never seeming to tire of his work of making the story seem to be genuine and true. Robinson finds many things on the island, learns to perform many tasks, works assiduously at various jobs from attempting to make barrels to the burning of pottery, but never is the reader allowed to forget that he is alone, on a strange small island, without hope of rescue.

After the castaway has built his two homes, fashioned a boat he could not launch, and has established himself as "lord of all he surveys", one day he finds the print of a man's foot in the sand. That is an important event and divides the book rather equally in two parts. It might be well to use it as the dividing place between the two lessons which are to be devoted to this remarkable story.

Questions and Problems

1. Read *The Advance of the English Novel,* chapter 3.

2. Though, of course, Robinson Crusoe's island is mythical, the general location of it is not. It might be well to have a map in class showing about where it was supposed to be located.

3. What is a picaresque story? This might be made an assignment for someone in the class to speak upon.

4. What handicrafts did Robinson Crusoe attempt while on his island? Did Defoe make them seem plausible If so, in what way?

5. Name the adventures which preceded the shipwreck. Why were they introduced.

6. It would be interesting to read *Swiss Family Robinson* and *Tarzan of the Apes* in connection with *Robinson Crusoe.*

Social Service

Lesson 2

The Problem of Growing Older

1. *Popular Opinion Is in Error Concerning the Learning Ability of Adults.* The theme of this lesson is that *we need not stop learning* because we are grown up. Because change is often difficult for grown ups, it is easy to fall into the error of believing that our ways, beliefs, and attitudes are so well fixed by age thirty that to attempt to change is a worthless expenditure of energy. Modern children run home from school with many new skills and facts that are sometimes amazing to their parents. Change seems to come so easily to children that, in comparison, parents imagine they cannot learn nearly so readily themselves. However, modern science has shown that adults *can* learn as well as children, and with some kinds of material they *can* learn faster and retain *better* than children do. If adults *do not* learn, it is mainly a question of lack of motivation and habit.

However, popular belief holds so strongly to the opinion that adults cannot learn new subject matter, habits, and outlooks on life that we too rarely find adults who are still engaged in improving their minds in any systematic way. Adults can learn many things more easily than children do because they better appreciate the value of what they learn. We are able to grow educationally to the end of life, so far as mental ability is concerned. This is the true spirit of Latter-day Saint teachings: eternal learning is necessary for eternal progress. We are all so young, and should be so teachable, in terms of eternity and the great plan of salvation. "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth"—the meek are the teachable.

II. *There Is Very Little Change in Brightness Between Ages 20 and 60.* Modern science has shown that between ages 30 and 50, ability to make quick reactions does not decrease very much, but by age 70, the decrease in speed of mental reactions is quite marked. Facts of this kind suggest that people past 50 years should use continually greater caution in driving automobiles or crossing streets, for example.

The differences between young and old people in ability on tests that involve judgment are not so great as in tests of simple speed reactions as just discussed. The judgment of people at age 60 is as good as that of people 20. Judgment, on the average, does not decline much until after age 70, and then only very gradually. On intelligence tests, there is very little loss of ability between ages 20 and 55, and not a sharp decline until much later.

However, in all these tests of speed, judgment, and intelligence, the differences between various individuals at the same ages are greater than the differences between people of different ages, speaking of averages. Some people are still quicker and more alert at age 80 than others at 60.

III. *Ability to Learn Declines But Little Through the Years.* Professor Thorndike of Columbia University has made perhaps the most thorough study of adult learning. He and his co-workers tested a large number of adults with a variety of learning problems. Their results

show that ability to learn, which is not always the same as intelligence, increases rapidly from about age 5 to age 20. There is almost no decline in learning ability between 20 and 30, and only a slight decline up to age 50. In the learning of things that adults commonly have learned, there was much less decline with age than in learning of material more commonly learned by children and young people. There may be a great difference in the motivation of a child who is learning to spell, for example, compared with an adult attempting the same task. An adult is often embarrassed when attempting school tasks. On the other hand, as Thorndike points out, adults may have more serious intent to learn because they have clearer purposes and better judgment as to the value of knowledge.

Several studies have shown that around age 50, people feel less sure of their ability to learn new things; they approach learning of new tasks with greater uncertainty. There is some evidence that "keeping one's hand in" in learning activities seems to be an aid to learning. In other words, practice in attacking learning tasks seems to assist in preserving the teachability of youth. Our mental "muscles" may grow "stiff" through disuse, just as do our physical muscles.

IV. *Changes of Interests With Age.* Perhaps the outlooks and attitudes of people change more with age than do mental abilities. Professor E. K. Strong of Stanford University has devised an excellent test to measure the basic interests or attitudes of people at different ages. His test consists of 420 items such as: "Do you like socialists?" "Do you dislike regular hours of work?" "Do you prefer to work in one place to changing places?"

Professor Strong concludes that, "Items suggesting physical skill and daring, as 'walking along the edge of a precipice' or 'being an aviator', show the greatest changes of all. Older men do not like such activities as do young men." (Strong, E. K., *Change of Interests With Age, p.* 21.) The next greatest change is in items suggesting change or interference with established habits and customs. In Thorndike's words, "Adults are proverbially less ready to adopt new ways, even to try new ways, than adolescents."

Older men do not show such strong interest in amusements as do young men and they have a stronger preference for amusements of a solitary kind rather than those involving others. The interests of older men are also more intellectual.

One of the most marked changes in likes and dislikes is a stronger preference in older men for people with desirable traits and stronger dislikes for people with undesirable traits.

One of the best signs of maturity of interests found by Strong is the increase of interest in the welfare of others, interest in current affairs, and finally more interest in religious or spiritual concerns.

As in the case of age differences in mental ability, there is more difference on the average between the interests of two people than the average differences found from age to age. In other words, age alone does not mature everyone's interests, and not everyone as he gets older resists new ideas and changes in his established attitudes.

V. *Highest Type of Latter-day Saints Are Eternally Learning.* The teachings of Joseph Smith one hun-

dred years ago are closely in accord with the findings of modern science on learning possibilities of adults. The Prophet was of a studious turn of mind, plastic and ready to adjust to new knoweldge and circumstances. Through inspiration, he made the following statement: "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come." (D. & C. 130:18,19.)

One of the functions of the Kirtland Temple was to serve as a place of learning. In the dedicatory prayer given to Joseph Smith by revelation, he said, "And do thou grant, Holy Father, that all those who shall worship in this house may be taught words of wisdom out of the best books, and that they may seek learning even by study, and also by faith, as thou hast said." (D. & C. 109:14.)

The great emphasis placed upon education by the Church suggests that learning is not only for the young. The courses of study outlined by the Relief Society assume we are never through learning; they are calculated to keep our minds plastic and ever receptive to new knowledge, for thus do we move along the path of eternal progress.

VI. *A Few Hints on How to Face the Problem of Growing Older.*

1. Keep mentally plastic through continually practicing the learning of new things and through acquiring new interests which will enliven your less active years.

2. Constantly change your habits to satisfy your changing bodily needs. Consult your doctor.

3. Be willing to delegate to young people those tasks which require radically new adjustments and great expenditure of energy.

4. Keep active at those things which you like but which do not call for strenuous adjustments.

5. Keep contact with young people whenever possible; learn not to be sensitive to their lack of understanding of the problems of older people.

6. Fight the habit of thinking that everything is all over for you. Think rather of old age as the happy interlude between two great acts in eternity.

Problems for Discussion:

1. Show how the findings of modern psychology on the relationship between learning and age fit into Latter-day Saint doctrines.

2. Why do people in middle age often cease to learn new things? How can they be aroused to continue their growth in skills, knowledge, and new attitudes?

3. Why do you think people become more interested in social and spiritual welfare as they become older (i. e. through middle life)?

4. Think of an aged person you know who has preserved her adolescent alertness and teachability. How would you account for this achievement on her part?

Literature for Missions

Typical Women of the Church

LESSON 2

JEANNETTE DANSIE CRANE

A Successful Mother, Reared in England

By Lily Crane Haycock

I SUPPOSE there are nearly as many definitions for success as there are people, but to my mind mother has achieved the greatest success that can come to mortal woman. Mother has rearer to maturity nine boys and girls, all of whom are observers of the Word of Wisdom and the law of Tithing; they all try to keep the Sabbath day holy; every one has been through the Temple; four of her five sons have filled missions, and all are actively engaged in the Church at the present time, except her oldest son, who passed away during the influenza epidemic in 1918. What more could a Latter-day Saint mother wish for, save it be her beloved companion to share her joy and satisfaction, he having passed away thirty-six years ago.

In the little village of Barking in Essex, England, my mother, Jeannette Dansie Crane, was born on October 11, 1858. She is not a convert, her parents having joined the Church before her birth. Nevertheless she endured the trials and persecutions of the Saints in those early days. Her father, James Dansie, was a gentleman's gardener and was able to provide a very comfortable living for his family until the fact that he was a "Mormon" was learned, when he would be dismissed. Then he would be compelled to move to another district to obtain work. Each time they moved my mother would have to quit her school and begin again in a new one. Finally her mother, who was a very refined and cultured lady, decided to take her out of school entirely and teach her herself. So mother never went to school after she was nine years old. Unschooled, yes, but not uneducated. Her mother heard her lessons regularly every day for the next several years. She was also required to read through once each year the Bible, the Book of Mormon and the Doctrine and Covenants. These books were divided in such a way as to take just one year to complete them, by reading a certain number of chapters each day. Nor could she just skip over them and say she had read them; she must read them aloud to her mother. No doubt this task was irksome many times but she has since thanked her mother for the knowledge she has of these books.

Like all the Saints in foreign countries, they longed to come to Utah, so saved and worked to that end until they were able to come. They reached Salt Lake City in July, 1874, and went directly to her Uncle Robert Dansie's home in Herriman, about twenty-five miles southwest of Salt Lake City. There she has lived ever since. That first winter they spent in a little log cabin with an earth roof and every time it rained outside it poured through the ceiling. What a difference from the comfortable homes they had lived in in England! But she and her mother made the best of it. Her father obtained a farm on shares as soon as possible

and they moved onto that farm. After her mother passed away she married young Henry Crane. He bought a home and a farm and they settled down. She has lived in that same house ever since. There all her children were born; there two passed away, one in infancy and one in manhood; and there she parted with her beloved husband.

When the ninth baby was three days old my father received a letter from "Box B," calling him on a mission to Great Britain. They could not see where the money was to come from, but never thinking of refusing, Father sent word he would be ready on the specified date.

After that it seemed like everyone he met wanted to give him money, so when the day arrived for his departure he had ample funds to take him to his field of labor, but none to go on with. Mother worked and kept him there for two years, sending him a dollar or two at a time, never more than five, and kept her family besides. Father returned but was only home a year when he was stricken with pneumonia and died. This time he left Mother with her tenth child only ten weeks old, no insurance, and she even had to borrow money to pay for his burial. I often wonder how she had the courage to go on. What would have become of us if, after that blow, she had given up and said, "What's the use?" But she didn't give up.

Mother has been a teacher all her life, working in every organization of the Church. She taught in Sunday School, the Adult class in Mutual, the Theology class and was visiting teacher in Relief Society, was principal of Religion Class, counselor in the Primary Association and gave the lessons in Genealogy and in the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers. It made no difference which organization I attended, my own mother was my teacher. I can truthfully say, "All that I am I owe to my wonderful mother." I'm positive all my brothers and sisters can say the same. Mother's many students have repeatedly told how she has helped them to do right. When mother was seventy-five years old we gave her a party, inviting all who had ever been in her classes. This included practically everyone in the ward as well as many scattered throughout this intermountain region. The house was full of friends from 10 a. m. until 10 p. m., many coming long distances. Every nook of the house was filled with flowers, while the table was laden with presents and cards with beautiful sentiments for their teacher. In addition there were letters from several states containing sentiments such as, "You have been a light in my life. Your teaching and counsel have helped me try to live a life that you would not be ashamed of." From another Relief Society worker: "You are very dear to me and of all the teachers I have ever had, you are the one I think of most. I hope I may always conduct my life in a way that will be worthy of your friendship." From a Bishop: "At this time let me thank you and express my appreciation for the part you have played in helping me to form ideals that will be of lasting benefit to me." From a Bishop's counselor: "Accept my appreciation for service rendered in building my milestones in early life as my Sunday School teacher." There were many more but these are sufficient to show how boys and girls loved her as a teacher.

Mother has also been a worker. When our father was called on his mission he was a school trustee, postmaster, and kept a small store. Mother took over all his positions and carried on in his stead. After his

death she continued to do public work along with her home and church duties. She was clerk of the school board for many years. But as time marched forward, school districts were consolidated, leaving no place for local trustees; rural delivery was instituted, doing away with the small post office; and finally the men of the town started a larger and more up-to-date store. So her chances of making a comfortable living were one by one taken away from her. Still she didn't give up, but turned to something else. So she took boarders, picked fruit and even did laundry work, but never did she accept charity. We were not blessed with many luxuries, but always had plenty to eat and were dressed neatly so we were not ashamed to go out with our friends.

She has always paid an honest tithing, contributed to the Relief Society and paid fast offering, but you couldn't insult her more than to offer her anything that even resembled charity. Even today if the Bishop gives her a dollar for Christmas or Old Folks' day she will turn around and give it back for tithing. She still earns her own living by crocheting and making quilts. She has never gone in debt or had a mortgage on either her home or farm.

Mother has always been a great reader. She developed a habit of reading aloud that was one of the greatest means of keeping her family together and on the right path. Nor did she always read religious books. We liked to hear biographies and interesting stories, and our young friends came and listened with us. Mother was considered the best reader in the town and no program was complete without one of her choice readings.

Mother was always jolly and cheerful so young people enjoyed her company and many times she was the only married person invited to their parties. She often entertained the crowd by step-dancing vying with the fiddler to see who could keep going the longer. She will never be old in spirit but sometimes now her ambition outdoes her strength.

Mother's greatest virtue is her loyalty to the Church and its leaders. She has always taught us by example to try to live up to the teachings of the Church, not only as contained in the scriptures but as given by our leaders of today. When they admonish or instruct it is law and gospel with her. Never will she listen to a word of criticism of any one of them. She is a strict observer of the Sabbath day and has taught us all to try our best to keep it holy. No work was ever done in our home on Sunday except prepare the meals, and they were prepared as much as possible the day before. Never was work on the farm so important that it couldn't wait over Sunday. I think I am safe in saying not one of her children has ever attended a picture show or other place of amusement on Sunday. They all own their own homes, have a comfortable living, are respected in the community and every one is active in the Church.

We have often been asked why we were so obedient to our mother. I can't tell exactly but I know that it has never entered my head to disobey her. It isn't because we were afraid of her; I think it is because she trusted us. She always showed us the right path and then expected us to follow it, and we just could not let her down.

Mother has twenty-eight grandchildren and four great-grandchildren and her influence goes on to them. Everyone of them loves and

respects her and wouldn't think of doing anything to hurt Grandma's feelings.

All her children have held responsible positions in the Church, such as: assistant Superintendent of the Sunday School, chairman of the Genealogical Committee, president of the Relief Society, Stake Board Member, and nearly every one has at one time been president of a Mutual Improvement Association. Her only son who hasn't filled a mission has been ward clerk for almost twenty years, fulfilling a mission at home.

A sad chapter in mother's life came at the close of the World War. We were all rejoicing over the safe return of one of our brothers from the army when the influenza struck our home. All the household, except one sister, were ill at once. While mother was critically ill, our older brother passed away. He had never married, so once again the head of the house was taken away. Mother had a long hard fight but she finally recovered and went back to her many duties.

Mother always said she wanted to live to see all her children married in the temple and her sons fulfill missions. With this accomplished she now enjoys herself. Her greatest pastime is reading, She enjoys movies and automobiles and her one ambition now is to take a ride in an airplane.

Topics to be considered:

1. State why you think Jeannette Dansie was born "of goodly parents."
2. What qualities does it appear that she inherited from her parents?
3. Does Jeannette's life demonstrate that "you cannot keep a good man down"? Explain your answer.
4. What circumstances in her life demonstrate the truth of these lines: "Fear on guilt attends, and deeds of darkness; the virtuous breast ne'er knows it."
5. What evidence is there that Jeannette D. Crane is a genuine Latter-day Saint?
6. Why do you think she was a very successful mother?
7. Where and when did she learn the art of how to be an excellent mother?
8. What must a woman do if she is a good mother?
9. Thomas Hughes wrote: "Blessed are they who have the gift of making friends for it is one of God's best gifts." How did Jeannette D. Crane make friends?
10. Sidney Smith wrote, "To love and be loved is the greatest happiness of existence." What do you think made Sister Crane happy?
11. She has always lived in humble circumstances. Nevertheless, there are many evidences that she is a noble woman. Point out some of these evidences.

"Youth is a dangerous age, as far as tobacco is concerned. If one can reach the age of twenty-five without smoking, the tobacco trust will have difficulty in getting him. We shall have better health, more happiness, longer life and more comforts when we cease wasting our money for tobacco."—*Alexander Anderson, President Youth Education Association.*

Gwineth Gwin

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

LILY was very tired after the baby was born, but she was very grateful for the little hospital and the good care she had received there. It all seemed like a miracle, that had been wrought by women gleaning wheat.

"I do not think that we had better buy the seed wheat," her husband had said the preceding fall when he found out there was to be a child.

"We'll have to have you taken care of and we will need the money. Can't have you dying like Sarah Lyon, without medical attention," he added.

The woman and her twin infants had all died on a lone ranch. There were other stories of long distances, bad roads, inclement weather, and doctors who could not reach the patients in time.

"Get the winter wheat anyway, Rob, I couldn't bear to have it not planted now. We will manage somehow. Besides, we've got to have the grain to feed the hungry animals." She had glanced out at the great expanse of rich brown loam that had lain fallow all summer. Her young husband had plowed it in the spring and the ground was hungry for the wheat.

ROB had gone to market with his precious bags of alfalfa seed, the first crop of importance from their desert ranch. A few days later he had returned, not only with his wagon loaded with seed wheat, but he brought her a bolt of white outing flannel and best of all, heartening news.

"You know, the price of wheat during the war went sky high, five dollars a hundred. Well, everybody sold out because of the good prices. That is, all except the Relief Society. The government bought their wheat, thousands of bushels, the wheat that the good sisters had stored for years 'against time of need.' Some think that it was purchased for our soldiers in France, but it has been whispered that it was needed for seed to replant the earth. Well, anyway, the Relief Society is using the interest on the money for maternity purposes—to buy medicines and supplies. In Verde they have started a little hospital. Rich Mrs. Crane gave them the use of her brick house, the one that she moved out of when she went modernistic. Dr. Bates, bless his soul, contributes his services. There is a cook and a head nurse, and several young girls taking training. The people have contributed various things to furnish it and the cellar is full of bottled fruit and vegetables. I have made arrangements for you to go there, Lily. I am going to haul them a load of potatoes. Whew, you don't know how it relieves my mind."

"Oh, Rob, how wonderful," exclaimed Lily.

SO he harrowed in the grain, and the winter came and covered it with a snow-white blanket. In the evening the light from the window of the little farmhouse shone clearly over the landscape. Within was industry and happiness. Lily sewed many small garments and Rob repaired his harness—drove copper rivets in it in the warmth of the kitchen.

When the snow melted the wheat field emerged a great green carpet under the spring sun. Later in the season Rob had driven Lily to Verde and placed her in the little hospital,

and then hurried back to his chores at the ranch.

Now when she woke from an exhausted sleep he was sitting by the bed, holding her hand. When she opened her eyes he kissed her.

Her pallid lips trembled. "Are you sorry it's a girl, Rob?" (Farm men always wanted sons to help them with the work.)

"I should say not," exclaimed Rob stoutly. "I'm crazy about a daughter! Darling, I'm so glad that it is all over and that you are alive—that you're both alive."

After a while he joked with her. "Maybe we will have a son later."

"Don't fill the house up with girls trying to get a boy," admonished a middle-aged woman in another bed.

They both laughed.

"See what I brought you." He held up a sheaf of green wheat, turning into a golden cream.

"Oh Rob, how lovely."

"See how full and plump the kernels are. We're going to have a fine crop. Need it, too, for a family."

"You must see the baby," she suggested. "What do you think we ought to name her?"

"Well, she ought to be called after some kind of flower—like you, Lily."

"I've been thinking, there's an old Welsh term that mother said means 'Wheat in Bloom'—Gwineth Gwin. How would you like that?"

"Suits me fine. Now let me see the rascal."

When he went out to look at the baby the woman in the other bed exclaimed: "A bunch of wheat! What a funny bouquet he brought you!"

Lily hugged it to her bosom. "To me, it is the most beautiful bouquet in the world."

WHEN I PRAY

By Fae Decker Dix

I would not pray for wealth of gold,
Or days of idle luxuries,
Or even for the dreams I hold,
But, rather, would I pray for these:

God, give me strength to face always
Realities that crowd my days,
Give me the will to be sincere,
To keep my purpose firm, and clear,
And bless me with sweet peace of mind,
And calm content that does not bind
My thoughts to narrow judgments;
Oh, make me strong to do the task
Each day will bring. For these I ask.

A PRAYER FROM THE PLAINS

By Patricia Bryson

Long shadows creep across the rolling plains,
Far distant hills reach up to hide the sun;
Now fades the glow of crimson from the sky;
The night falls fast when prairie days are done.

There is no sound to break the silence here.
Hushed now the wind which through the day has blown,
As though it, too, flees this forsaken place.
I fear the night! Dear God, I'm so alone!

Once strong brown hands were here to share these tasks,
To tend the flocks, to plow, to reap and sow.
I knew no loneliness when he was near.
Why did you take him, God? I loved him so.

And he loved me, I know, and loved these fields;
The rich brown earth, and every fine and tree
He planted here. And best of all he loved
This small white house of dreams he built for me.

I could not leave the home built by those hands
So strong—and tender too; for every part
Is filled with dreams and blessed with joys we knew;
And in its cornerstone I've placed my heart.

The days bring endless chores; I do not mind.
But then night falls, and far as eye can see,
There is no house, save this; no one to call
Should I need help. There's none to comfort me.

I want no lofty buildings, for my soul
Would cry for sun and air and windswept lea.
I must remain, for all I love is here,
And strength and courage, God, I ask of Thee.

I do not long for busy, crowded streets.
I seek no hurrying throngs, no laughter gay.
To see one lighted window is my wish;
One friendly sign to cheer my lonely way.

I lift my eyes toward Thy throne, and see!
The dark, deep velvet curtain of the night
Is drawn aside. I have my heart's desire.
A star is shining there—God's candle light.

And now a million lamp-lit windows gleam;
Each one repeats the message heaven sent.
No more am I afraid, no more alone.
I know my God is near, and I'm content.

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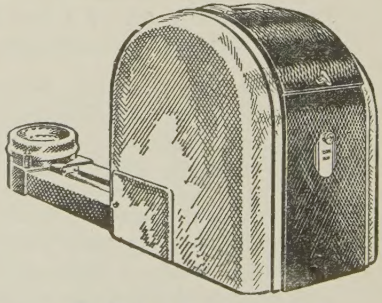

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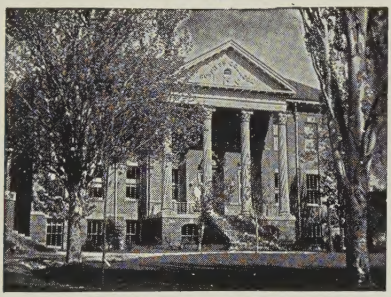

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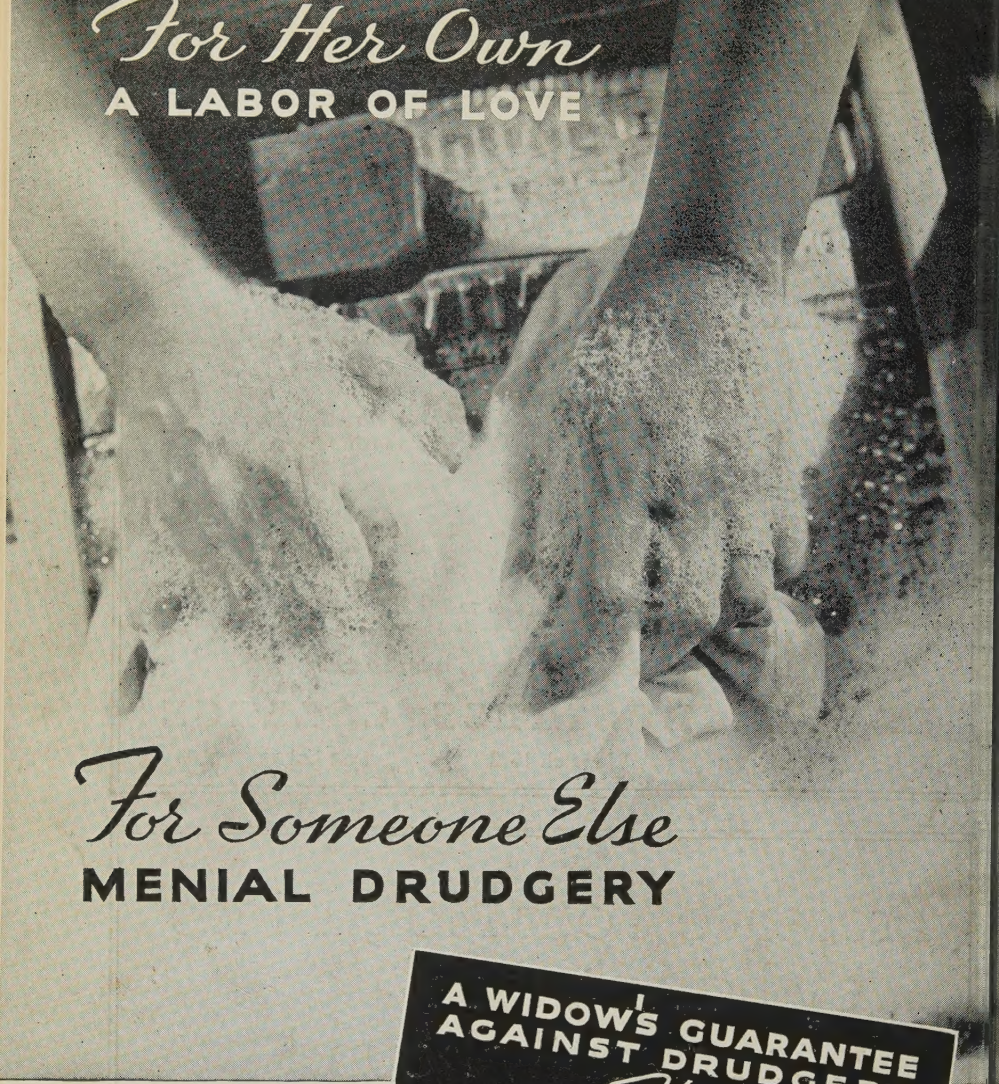

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